...ar with the Devil

OR, THE

Young Man's Con...

WITH THE

Powers of Darkness,

IN A

DIALOGUE:

Discovering the Corruption ... Vanity of Youth, the horrible ... and deplorable Conditions of ...

Also a Definition, Power, and Rule of ... ance, and the Nature of true Conversion.

To which is added

An Appendix, containing a Dialogue between an old Apostate and a young Professor.

Worthy the Perusal of all, but chiefly ... ed for the Instruction of the young ...

By B. Keach, Author of Sion in ... Or, The Groans of the Protestant ...

Psal. 119. 9. Wherewithal shall a young Man ... by taking heed thereto according to thy Word.

Edinburgh: Printed by the ... and Successors of Andrew Anderson, Printer to the Queens most excellent Majesty. 17...

BRITISH MUSEUM

By a Friend, in Commendation of these Poems.

MY Muse is dull, although I have a Will
This Book for to commend, I want the Skill.
I know not how its Worth for to declare,
Few Poems may doubtless with it compare:
Not for rare elegant scholastick Strains,
Which flow alone from these quick witted Brains,
Who with their Rhetorick and curious Art,
Strive to affect the Fancy, not the Heart.
This Treatise read, kind Friend, and thou shalt see
'Tis chiefly fill'd with choice Divinity.
The Author soars on high, his main Design
Is to instruct that precious Soul of thine,
I'th' Path Celestial; shews thee very plain
How thou in Christ an Int'rest may'st obtain:
Or, if in Christ thy Soul has got a Place,
He to thy Joy shews forth thy happy Case.
This Poem's like a Messenger sent forth,
To give a Visit to the drowsie Earth;
The sluggish Soul it strives for to awake,
Before it drops into the fiery Lake.
There's very few upon the Earth do live,
But might from hence some Benefit receive
For tho it is brought forth in this our Clime,
Yet 'twill agree with ev'ry Place and Time.
Its Message is of such a large Extent,
It may in Truth to all the World be sent:
To Male and Female, low and high Degree,
He speaks a Word to Bond as well as Free.

All, in whom Conſcience dwells, he lets them ſee
Conſciences great Pow'r and Authority.
When Heav'ns hot Thunder bolts with Fire and Hail
Made Egypt*'s mighty Monarchs Courage fail;*
Conſcience ſtept in, made him cry out amain,
The Lord is juſt, I and my wicked Train
Have ſinned: *Yea, Conſcience alſo brings*
Saul, *Son of* Kiſh, *the firſt of* Iſrael*'s Kings,*
Before the Prophet humbly to confeſs
That he had ſinn'd, and acted Wickedneſs.
Conſcience made David *to cry out amain,*
'Tis I have ſinn'd: I have *Uriah* ſlain.
The David *ſlew a Lion and a Bear,*
And did not the great Giant's Courage fear:
Yet Conſcience made him ſtoop and tremble too;
And more than this you'll find Conſcience can do.
Here's Counſel for Profeſſors and Profane,
Chuſe, or refuſe, here's Loſs and alſo Gain.
One Reaſon, Reader, *of this Mode or Stile,*
Is that it might with honeſt Craft beguile
Such curious Fancies who had rather chuſe
To read ten Lines in Verſe, than one in Proſe.
And as the nimble Fly, that lightly ſprings
Againſt the Flame, until ſhe burns her Wings,
Is taken captive with that ſplendrous Flame,
With which ſhe only ſought to ſport and game:
So whilſt thoſe curious Fancies think to play
With this ſmall Piece, 'twill ſecretly betray
Them to their Conſcience, and if Conſcience ſend
Them to God's Word, the Author has his End.
Provided that unto the ſame they yield,
And Grace and Conſcience do obtain the Field.

Farewel,

W. B.

TO THE READER,

In Vindication of this Book.

ONe or two Lines to thee I'll here commend;
This honest Poem briefly to defend
From Calumny, because that at this day,
All Poetry there's many do gain-say,
And very much condemn, as if the same
Did worthily deserve Reproach and Blame.
If any Book in Verse they chance to spy,
Away profane, they presently do cry:
But tho this kind of writing some dispraise,
Sith Men so captious are in these our days;
Yet I dare say, how e'er this Scruple rose,
Verse hath express'd as sacred things as Prose.
Tho some there be, that Poetry abuse,
Must we therefore not the same Method use?
Yea sure, for of my Conscience 'tis the best,
And doth deserve more Honour than the rest:
For 'tis no humane Knowledge gain'd by Art,
But rather 'tis inspir'd into the Heart
By Divine Means, for true Divinity
Hath with this Science great Affinity:
Tho some, through Ignorance do it oppose,
Many do it esteem, far more than Prose;

And find also that unto them it brings
Content, and hath been the Delight of Kings.
David, altho a King, yet was a Poet,
And *Solomon* also, the Scriptures show it.
Then what if for all this some should abase it?
I'm apt to think the Angels do imbrace it.
And tho God give't here but in part to some,
Saints shall have't perfect in the World to come.

YOUTH

YOUTH

In his unconverted State.

Youth.

THE *Naturaliſts* moſt aptly do compare
My Age unto the Spring whoſe Beauty's rare:
When ſprightly *Sol* enters the golden Sign, (rare
Which is call'd *Aries*, his glorious Shine
And ſplendent Rays do cauſe the Earth to ſpring,
And Trees to bud, and quicken ev'ry thing.
All Plants & Herbs & Flowers then do flouriſh;
The Graſs doth ſprout, the tender Lambs to nouriſh;
Theſe things in Winter that ſeem'd to be dead,
Do now riſe up, and briskly ſhow their Head;
And do obtain a nat'ral Reſurrection,
By his hot Beams, and pow'rful Reflection:
How in the pleaſant fruitful Month of *May*,
Are Meadows clad with Flowers rich and gay;
And all Earth's Globe adorn'd in Garments green
Mix'd with rare Yellow, crown'd like to a Queen;
The Primroſe, Couſlip, and the Violet,
Are curiouſly with other Flowers ſet;
And chirping Birds with their melodious Sounds
Delight Man's heart, whoſe Pleaſure now abounds.
The Winter's paſt, with ſtormy Snow and Rain,
And long 'twill be ere ſuch things come again;
Nothing but Joy and ſweet Delights appear,

VVhilst doth abide the Spring-time of the Year.
Thus 'tis with me, who am now in my Prime,
In Merriment and Joy I spend my Time;
And like as Birds do in the lovely Spring,
I so rejoice with my Consorts, and sing;
And spend my days in sweet Pastime and Mirth,
And nought shall grieve or trouble me on Earth:
I am resolv'd to search the VVorld about,
But I will suck the Sweetness of it out.
No Stone I'll leave unturn'd that I may find
Content and Joy unto my craving Mind:
No Sorrow shall, whilst I do live, come near me;
Nor shall the Preacher with his Fancies fear me;
At Cards and Dice, and such brave Games I'll play,
And like a Courtier deck my self most gay;
VVith Perriwig and Muff, and such fine things,
VVith Sword and Belt, Galloshes and gold Rings
Where Bulls and Bears they beat, & cocks do fight,
I do resort with Speed, there's my Delight.
To drink and sport among the jovial Crew
I do resolve, whatever may ensue:
And court fair Ladies, that I also love,
And of all things do very well approve,
Which rend my sensual Part to satisfy,
From whence comes all my choise Felicity.
What e'er mine Ears do hear, or Eyes behold;
Or Heart desire, if so that all my Gold
And Silver can for me those things procure,
I'll spare no Cost nor Pains, you may be sure.
Thus is my Life made very sweet to me
Whilst others hurried are in Misery;
Whose Minds with strange Conceits troubled re-
Thinking by losing all, that way to gain. (main,
Such Riddles I can't learn, I must them leave
What's seen and felt I am resolv'd to have:

Let

Let every Man his Mind and Fancy fill,
My Lust I'll satisfy, and have my Will.
Who dares controul me in my present way,
Or vex my Mind i'th least, or me gainsay?
What State of Life can equal this of mine?
Youths Gallantry so bravely here doth shine.

Conscience.

Controul you, Sir! in truth, and that dare I,
For your Contempt of my Authority.
You tread on me without the least Regard,
As if I worthy were not to be heard;
You strive to stifle me, and therefore I
Am forc'd aloud, *Murther*, with speed to cry:
I can't forbear, but must cry out amain,
Such is the VVrong which from you I sustain.

Youth.

What are you, Sir, you dare so be so bold?
I scorn by any He, to be controul'd.
Ere I have done with you, I'll make you know,
You shall your Power and Commission shew.

Conscience.

Be not so hot, and you shall know my Name,
And also learn from whence my Power came.
I'm no Usurper, yet I do command
You for to stop, and make a present stand.
Your Pleasures you must leave, and vicious Life,
Else there will grow a very bitter Strife
'Tween you and I, as will appear anon,
If from those Courses you don't quickly turn.
For all your Courage which you seem to take,
The News I bring's enough to make you quake.

Youth.

VVho e'er thou art, I'll make you by and by
Confess you have accus'd me wrongfully.
From Murder I am clear in Thought and Deed.

Thus to be charg'd doth cause my Heart to bleed
Pray let me crave your Name, if you are free,
If you provoke me, worse 'twill quicklie be;
You seek Occasion, and are quarrelsome,
And therefore 'tis I do suppose you're come.
But if your Name you don't declare to me,
I am resolv'd to be reveng'd on thee.

Conscience.

What Violence, alas can you do more,
Than that which you have done to me before?
Forbear your Threats, be still and hold your Hand,
And quickly you shall know and understand
My Name, my Power, and Place of Residence,
Which may to you prove of great Consequence.
I am a Servant to a mighty King,
Who rules and reigns, and governs ev'ry thing:
Who keeps one Court above, and here below
Another he doth keep, as you shall know;
O'er this inferior Court placed am I,
To act and do, as his great Deputy.
I truly judge, according to my Light,
Yea, and impartially do each Man right:
Those I condemn who vile and guilty are,
And justify the holy and sincere.
I order'd am to watch continually,
O'er all your Actions with a wary Eye:
And I have found how you have of late time
Committed many a bold and horrid Crime,
Of Murther, Treason, and like Villany,
Against the Crown and glorious Dignity
Of that great Prince from whence you have your
Who's King and Ruler over all the Earth. (breath,
I am his Judge, Attorney-General,
And have Commission also you to call
Unto the Bar, and make you to confess

Your

Your horrid Crimes and fearful Guiltiness,
A black Inditement I have drawn in Truth;
Against thy self, thou miserable Youth;
Thy Pride I shall abate, thy Pleasure mar,
And bring thee to confess with Tears, at Bar,
Thy Sports and Games, and youthful Lusts to be
Nought else but Sin, and cursed Vanity.
And for to put thee also out of Doubt,
My Name is *Conscience*, which you bear about;
No other than th'accusing Faculty
Of that dear Soul which in thy Breast doth lie;
I by that Rule Mens Thoughts and Ways compare
By which their inward Parts enlightned are;
And as they do accord, or disagree,
I do accuse or clear immediately.
According to your Light you do not live,
But violate that Rule which God doth give
To you, to square your Life and Actions by,
From hence comes in your Woe and Misery.

Youth.

Conscience art thou? why didst not speak ere now?
To mind what thou dost say I can't tell how.
Thou melancholy Fancy fly from me,
My Pleasure I'll not leave in spight of thee.
Other brave Guests, you see, to me are come,
And in my House for thee there is no Room.
Dost think I will be check'd by filly Thought,
And into Snares, my foolish Fancy brought?
Is't you which cry out *Murther*, only you?
A Fig, alas! for all that you can do.
For tho against me you do prat and preach,
Your very Neck I am resolv'd to stretch.
I'll swear, carouse, and whore, say what you will,
Till I have stifled you, and made you still.
I'll clip your Wings, and make you see at length,

I do know how to spoil you of your Strength,
When you do speak, I will not lend an Ear;
I'll make (in truth) as if I did not hear:
If you speak loud when I am all alone,
I will rise up, and straightway will be gone
To the brave Boys who toss the Pot about:
And that's the Way to wear your Patience out.
I'll go to Plays, and Games, and Dancings too,
And ere a while, I shall be rid of you.

Conscience.

Thou stubborn, foolish Youth, be not so rash,
Lest ere you be aware you feel my Lash.
I have a Sting, a Whip, yea and can bite,
Before you shall o'ercome, I'll stoutly fight:
I'll grip you sore, and make you howl anon,
If you resolve in Sin still to go on.
I have o'ercome strong Hearts, and made them yield,
And so shall you before I quit the Field.
Go where you will, be sure I'll soon come after,
And into Sorrow I will turn your Laughter.
'Twill prove hard Work for you to shake me off,
Tho you at me do seem to jeer and scoff,
As if o'er you I had no Jurisdiction,
Or was a Dream, a Fancy or some Fiction:
For all your Wrath, I must you yet disturb,
Tho you offended are, I can't but curb
And snib you daily as I oft have done,
Till you repent, and from lewd Courses turn
For, till the Cause be taken quite away,
Th'Effect will follow what e'er you do or say:
Unless your Light wholly extinguish'd be,
If Sin remains, Disturbance you will see.
Therefore I do beseech you soberly
For to submit to my Authority.
Obey my Voice, I pray thee make a Tryal,

before

Before you give another flat Denial.
No more sweet Comfort I don't yield to you,
Than all which doth from sinful Actions flow,
Then me reject; but otherwise, my Friend,
My Checks receive, and to my Motions bend.
Get Peace within, whatever thou dost do,
And let vain Pleasures and Corruptions go;
That will be better for thy Soul at last,
Than Gold or Silver, or what else thou hast
And since we are alone, let thee and I
More mildly talk about Supremacy.
Is't best for you that Pride and Folly reign?
Which nought doth bring, save Sorrow, Shame and Pain.
And Conscience to reject, who perfectly
From Guilt and Bondage strives to set you free?
Have not these Lusts by which thou now art led
Brought many a Man unto a Piece of Bread?
What brave Estates have some consum'd thereby
And now are forc'd in Barns on Straw to ly?
How has the Wife been ruin'd with the Child,
Besides poor Conscience grievously turmoil'd?
Nay, once again, give Ear, I prithee hark;
Ha'n't many a brave and curious Spark
Been brought in stinking Prisons there to ly,
For yielding to their Lust and Vanity?
How many swing at *Tyburn* ev'ry Year,
For stabbing Conscience without Care or Fear?
And some also out of their Wits do run,
And by that means are utterly undone:
Some Men do stifle me, I cannot speak,
And then they sport and play, and merry make,
Resolving that I shall not grip them more,
But quickly then afresh I make them roar.
Some of them I do drive into Despair,
When in their Face I do begin to stare.

No Rest nor Peace at all their Souls can find,
I so disturb, and still perplex their Mind.
What say you now, young Man, will you submit?
Weigh well the Danger and the Benefit.
The Danger on the one hand will be great,
If me you do oppose, and ill intreat.
Sweet Profit comes, you see, on th'other hand
To such who subject are to my Command.
What dost thou say; shall I embraced be?
Or wilt thou follow still thy Vanity?

Youth.

Was ever young Man thus perplex'd as I,
Who flourished in sweet Prosperity?
Where e'er I go, *Conscience* dogs me about,
No Quiet I can have, in Doors, nor out.
Conscience, what is the Cause you make such Strife,
I can't enjoy the Comforts of my Life.
I am so grip'd, and pinched in my Breast,
I know not where to go, nor where to rest.

Conscience.

'Cause you have wronged and offended me,
Loving vain Pleasures and Iniquities.
The Light you have, you walk not up unto,
You know 'tis evil which you daily do.
My Witness I must bear continually
For the great God, whose glorious Majesty
Did in thy Soul give me so high a Place,
As for to stop you in your sinful Race:
I must reprove, accuse, and you condemn,
Whilst you by Sin his Sov'reignty contemn:
I can't betray my Trust, nor hold my Peace,
Till I am stabbed, fear'd, or Light doth cease:
Till you your Life amend, and Sins forsake,
I shall pursue you, tho your Heart doth ake.

Youth.

How bold and malapert is *Conscience* grown
Tho I upon this Fellow dailie frown,
And his Advice reject, yet still doth he
Knock at my Door, as if he'd wearie me.
Conscience, I'll have you know in Truth that I
A Person am of some Authoritie:
Are you so saucie, as to curb and chide
Such a brave Spark, who can't your Ways abide!
'Tis much below my Birth and Parentage,
And it agrees not with my present Age
For to give Place to you, or to regard
Those things from you I have so often heard.

Conscience.

Alas! proud Flesh, dost think thy self too high
To be subject to such a one as I?
Thy Betters I continually gainsay,
If they my Motions don't with Care obey.
My Power's great, and my Commission large,
There's scarce a Man but I with Folly charge.
The King and Peasant are alike to me,
I favour none of high or low Degree;
If they offend, I in their Faces fly,
Without Regard or Fear of Standers by.

Youth.

Speak not another Word, don't you perceive
There's scarce a Man or Woman will believe
What you do say, you're grown so out of date?
Be silent then, and longer do not prate.
In the Country your Credit is but small,
There's few care for your Company at all:
The Husband-man the Land-mark can't remove,
But you straightway him bitterly reprove;
Nor plow a little of his Neighbours Land,
But you command him presently to stand.

There's

There's not a Man can go i'th least awray,
But out against him fiercely you do fly.
The People therefore now so weary are,
They've thrust you almost out of ev'ry Shire:
And in the City you so hated be,
There's very few that care a Rush for thee:
For if they should believe what you do say,
Their Pride and Bravery would soon decay,
Their Swearing, Cheating, & their Drunkenness
Would vanish quite away, or grow much less.
Our Craft of Profit, and our Pleasure too,
Would soon go down, and ruin'd be by you.
The Whores & Bawds, with the Play-houses then
Would be contemned by all sorts of Men.
You strive to spoil us of our sweet Delight,
Our Pleasures you oppose with all your Might.
The Fabrick of our Joy you would pull down,
And make our Youth just like a Country-clown,
Or half Phanaticks should be made, 'tis clear,
Unto thee we once inclined were.
But this amongst the rest doth chear my Heart,
There's very few in *London* take thy Part.
Here & there one, which we Nick-names do give,
Who hated are, and judg'd not fit to live.
'Tis out of Fashion grown, I daily see,
Conscience for to regard with least Degree,
He that can't whore and swear without Controul,
We do account to be a timerous Fool.
Therefore tho you so desp'rately do fall
Upon poor me, yet I do hope I shall
Get loose from you, & then I'll tear the Ground,
And in all Joy and Pleasure will abound.

Conscience.

Ah poor deceived Soul! dost thou not know
That most of all Mankind i'th broad Way go?

What

What tho they do most wickedly abuse me,
Wilt thou also in the like manner use me?
What tho they will of me no Warning take,
Till they drop down into the *Stygian* Lake?
Wilt thou befriend the cursed Serpent so,
As to go on till comes thy Overthrow?
What tho I am in no Request by them?
Don't they likewise God's holy Word contemn?
Don't they the Gospel cast quite out of Sight,
Lest from their Pleasures it should them affright?
What tho my Friends are tost about and hurl'd?
Their inward Peace is more than all the World
Can give to them, or from them take away,
Whilst they with Diligence do me obey;
As I enlightned am by God's Precepts,
Which are a Guide and Lanthorn to my Steps.
O come proud Heart, and longer don't contend,
But leave thy Lust, and to my Scepter bend:
For I'll not leave thee, but with all my Pow'r
I'll follow thee, unto thy dying Hour,

Youth.

Into some private place then I will fly,
Where I may hide my self and secretly
There I'll enjoy my self in spight of thee;
And thou shalt not i'th least know where I be.

Conscience.

Nay foolish Youth, how can that thing be done
From Conscience it is in vain to run;
No secret place can you find out or spy,
To hide your self from me, such is mine Eye.
I see in Dark as well as in the Light,
No Doors, nor Walls will keep thee from my sight
Where e'er thou art, or go'st, am I not near
Thy Soul with horrid Guilt to scarr and fear?
Could *Cain* or *Judas* get out of my Reach,

When

When once between us there was the like Breach
Did I not follow them unto the end,
And make them know what 'twas for to offend
My glorious Prince, and me his true Vice-roy?
Vengeance doth follow them who us annoy.
My Counsel then I pray thee take with speed,
For that's the Way alone for to be freed
From Vengeance here, and Wrath also to come,
When thou dost die, and at the day of Doom.

Youth.

What! can't I fly from thee, nor thee subdue,
Then I intreat thee, *Conscience*, don't pursue,
Nor follow me so close; forbear a while,
Don't yet my Beauty nor my Pleasures spoil.
This is my Spring, and Flower of my Age;
O! pity me, and cease thy bitter Rage:
Don't crop the tender Bud, it is too green:
O! let me have those days others have seen.
Forbear thy hand, till my wild Oats are sown;
They must be ripe also before they're mown;
Thou hast forborn with some for a long time,
That which I ask of thee is but the Prime
Of those good days which God bestows on me,
O! that it might but once obtained be!
'Tis time enough for to adhere to thee,
After I've spent my time in Gallantry, (sures,
In Earth's sweet Joys, and such transcendent Plea-
Which young Men do esteem the chiefest Trea-

Conscience. (sures

After all Violence and outrage great
Done to poor *Conscience*, do you now intreat?
Thinking for to prevail by Flattery,
But that in Truth I utterly defy:
'Tis quite against my Nature, you must know,
Unto vile Lust fond Pity for to show:

God

od has not given such a Dispensation,
or me to wink at your Abomination:
f God doth once but blow your Candle out,
hall be quiet then you need not doubt:
ut woe to you as ever you were born,
f God doth once his Light to Darkness turn.
ut while in you remains that legal Light,
our Sins I can't endure in my sight,
o Liberty God, I am sure, will give
o any one, in horrid Sin to live;
or will he give Allowance for a day;
'is very dangerous for to delay
he Work of thy Repentance for an Hour.
hat thy Hand finds to do, do with thy Pow'r.
f me you don't believe, I pray thee, Youth,
or to resolve thy self, go to God's Truth.

Youth.

Vell! since that you no Comfort do afford,
will enquire of God's most holy Word:
o far I will your Counsel take, for I
m sorely troubled, whither shall I fly?
will make Tryal, I resolve to see,
Whether the *Truth* and *Conscience* do agree.
he Lip of *Truth* can't lie, tho *Conscience* may;
When that misguided is, it leads astray.
f *Truth* and *Conscience* speak the self-same thing,
'Twill some Amazement to my Spirit bring,
hat now I ask for, and earnestly do crave,
s some short Time in Sin longer to have.
onscience denies it me: *Truth*, what say you?
Oh! that you would a little Favour shew
o a poor lad, alas: I am but young,
ike to a Flower which is lately sprung
Out of the Ground, and *Conscience* Day and Night
trives for to tread me down with all his Might:

Or,

Or, as the Frost the tender Bud doth spoil,
So has he striven to do a great while;
Must I reform, and all my Sins forsake?
Some fitter Season then, O let me take.
For all things there's a Time and a Season,
And when I older am, I will return.

Truth.

Nay, hold, vain youth, you are mistaken now,
No Time to Sin God doth to thee allow.
If I may speak, attend, and you shall hear
I with poor *Conscience* must Witness bear.
I am his Guide, his Rule, 'tis by my Light
He acts & does, & speaks the thing that's right.
You are undone, if you don't speedily
Leave all your Sins and cursed Vanity.
Art thou too young thy evil Ways to leave,
And yet hast thou a precious Soul to save?
Art thou too young to leave Iniquity,
When old enough in Hell for Sin to ly?
Some fitter Season, Youth, dost think to find?
The Devil doth dart that into thy Mind.
No Time so fit, as when the Lord doth call;
Those who rebellious are, they one Day shall
Smart bitterly for their most horrid evil,
In yielding to, and siding with the Devil.
But once again, I prithee hark to me;
Don't God, whilst thou art young, call unto thee
Remember thy Creator, therefore now,
And unto him with speed see you do bow,
The first ripe Fruit of old God did desire,
And so of thee likewise he doth require,
That thou to him a Sacrifice shouldst give
Of thy best Days, and learn betimes to live
Unto the Praise of his most holy Name:
And not by Sin so to profane the same.

This

This is young Man, also thy choosing Time,
Whilst now thou therefore dost flourish in thy Prime,
Place thou thy Heart upon the Lord above,
And with Christ Jesus also fall in Love.
Did not *Jehovah* give to thee thy Breath,
And also place thee here upon the Earth;
And many precious Blessings give to thee,
That thou to him alone shouldst subject be?
God out of Bowels sent his precious Son,
Thy Soul from evil Ways with speed to turn;
Who for thy sake was nailed to the Tree;
To free thy Soul from Hell and Misery
And whilst in Sin, vile Wretch, thou dost remain,
Thou dost as 'twere him crucify again.
Thy Sins also, O young Man, God doth hate,
His Soul doth loath, and them abominate;
Nought is more odious in his blessed Sight,
Than those base Lusts in which thou tak'st delight:
And wilt thou not, O young Man, be deterr'd
From thy vain Ways, what is thy Heart so hard?
Shall nothing move thy Soul for to repent,
Nor work Convictions in thee to relent?
Give Ear to *Truth*, *Truth* never spoke a Lie;
And fly from Sin and youthful Vanity.
Those that do seek God's Kingdom first of all,
And do obey God's sweet and gracious Call;
They shall find Christ, and ly too in his Breast;
And reap the Comfort of internal Rest:
But if thou shouldst this golden Time neglect,
And all good Motions utterly reject;
And slight the Day of this thy Visitation,
That will to God be such a Provocation,
That he'll not wait upon thee any more,
Nor ever knock hereafter at thy Door.
While Terms of Peace God doth therefore afford,

Subject

Subject to him, lest he should draw his Sword
If once to Anger you do him provoke, (Stro
He'll break your Bones, and wound you with h
Who can before his Indignation stand,
Or bear the weight of his revengeful Hand?
How dareſt thou a War with him maintain,
And ſay, o'er thee Chriſt Jeſus ſhall not reign!
Wilt thou combine with his vile Enemy,
And yet preſume on his ſweet Clemency?
Wilt thou now, Traitor-like, contrive the Death
Of that great King, from whom thou haſt thy
Wilt thou caſt dirt upon the Holy One, (breath
And keep Chriſt Jeſus from his rightful Throne;
Is't not his Right thy Conſcience for to ſway?
Ought he not there to reign, and thou obey?
Dar'ſt thou reſiſt his dread and ſovereign Pow'r?
Yea, or hold Parley with him for an hour,
To gratifie the Devil, who thereby
Renews his ſtrength, yea, and doth fortifie
Himſelf in thee, and makes his Kingdom ſtrong,
By tempting thee to ſin whilſt thou art young?
The Blackamoor as ſoon may change his Skin,
As thou may'ſt leave and turn away from Sin,
When once a Habit and a Cuſtom's taken,
Then ſinful Ways are hard to be forſaken.
Dar'ſt thou, vile Wretch, Chriſt's Government op
And with the Devil and Corruption cloſe (poſe
Had'ſt rather that the Devil reign o'er thee,
Than unto God Almighty ſubject be?
Which will be beſt, doſt think, for thee i'th'end,
The Lord to pleaſe, and Satan to offend,
Or Satan for to pleaſe, and ſo thereby,
Declare thy ſelf *JEHOVAH*'s Enemy?
For thoſe who live in Sin, 'tis very clear,
They Enemies to *GOD* and *JESUS* are,

And

nd wilt thou yield unto the *Devil* ſtill,
nd greedily alſo his Will fulfil?
oſt think, vain Youth, he'll prove to thee a friend
hat thou doſt ſo his curſed Ways commend?
as Sin (which is his odious Excrement)
ſweet a Smell, yea, and a fragrant Scent?
all that which is the Superfluity
f Naughtineſs, be precious in thine Eye?
nd doſt thou value Chriſt and all he hath
ot worth vain Pleaſures here upon the Earth?
all he eſteemed be by thee, vile *Duſt*,
ot worth the Pleaſures of a curſed Luſt?
there more Good in ſinful Vanity,
han is in all the glorious Trinity?
hat which Men think is beſt, that will they chuſe
hings of ſmall value 'tis they do refuſe. (Soul,
hat Thoughts haſt thou of Chriſt then ſinful
hat thou his Meſſengers doſt thus controul;
nd doſt to him ſo oft turn a deaf Ear (hear,
is Knocks, his Calls, and Wooings wilt not
or him regard, tho he ſtands at the Door,
ith Myrrh and Frankincenſe, yea, and all ſtore
f rare Fruit and chief Spice; as *Cinnamon*,
lloes, *Spikenard*, *Camphire* and *Saffron*;
ll precious things (poor Soul) of Heaven above,
e has with him, yet nothing will thee move
o op'n the *Door*, for all his Calls and Knocks,
hou leſs him ſtand until his precious Locks
re wet with *Dew*, and *Drops* of the long Night,
hus thou doſt him deſpiſe, reject and ſlight,
nd rather keep'ſt thy Luſt and Pleaſure ſtill,
han that Chriſt ſhould thy Soul with Heav'n fill,
ho he ten thouſand Worlds doth yet excel,
nd makes that Heart where he in Truth doth
o be a Heaven here upon the Earth. (dwell,

Filling

Filling the Soul with precious Joy and Mirth
Which makes gray-headed Winter like a Spring
And Youths like to celestial Angels sing:
The Soul he doth so greatly elevate,
That it disdains, and doth abominate
All sensual Pleasures in comparison
Of Jesus Christ, his dear and only One.
Let me perswade thee for to taste and try
How good Christ is; for then assuredly
Thou wilt admire him, yea, and praise the Lord
That ever he did to thy Soul afford
Such a dear Saviour, and such good Advice
To lead thy Soul into sweet Paradise.
For none do know the Nature of that Peace,
That inward Joy, the which shall never cease,
But he himself who doth the same possess:
O! taste and see, for then you will confess,
No Pen can it express, no Tongue declare,
Its Nature's such, O young Man, 'tis so rare:
Christ is the *Summum bonum*, it is he
In whom alone is true Felicity.
Such is the Nature of Mans panting Breast,
There's nought on Earth can give him perfect Rest;
'Tis not in Honour, that is Vanity:
For such like Beasts, and other Mortals die.
Kingdoms and Crowns, they tottering do stand,
The Servant may the Master soon command.
Belshazzar who upon the Throne did sit,
His Knees against each other soon did hit.
How was he scar'd when the hand-writing came
And wrote upon the Wall, even the same
That afterwards befel? his End being come.
Great Men oft-times are filled with great Fear,
Being perplex'd they know not how to stear.
Tall Cedars fall, while little Shrubs abide,

Tho

Tho Winds do blow, and ſtrangely turn the Tide.
For Man in Honour lives but a ſhort ſpace,
He dies like to the Beaſts, ſo ends his Race:
Where's *Nimrod* now, that mighty Man of old,
And where's the Glory of the Head of Gold?
Great Monarchs now are moulder'd quite away,
Who did on Earth the golden Scepter ſway,
In higheſt Place of humane Government,
None ever found therein ſolid Content.
Of *Alexander* 'tis declar'd by ſome,
How he ſat down when he had overcome
The Eaſtern World, and did weep very ſore,
Becauſe there was one World, and was no more
For him to conquer. Thus alſo 'tis ſtill,
This World's not big enough Man's Soul to fill,
Riches and Wealth alſo can't ſatisfie,
That precious Soul which in thy Breaſt doth lie.
If Store of Gold and Silver thou ſhould'ſt gain,
I would but increaſe thy Sorrow, Grief, and Pain.
Riches, O young Man, they are empty things,
And fly moſt ſwift away with Eagles Wings, (rows
When Riches thou doſt heap, thou heap'ſt up Sor-
They're thine to day; alas! but gone to morrow.
Fires may come and may thy Treaſures burn;
Or Thieves ſteal it, as they have often done.
He that hath thouſands by the Year this Night,
May be as poor as *Job* before 'tis light.
And as for Pleaſure, which thy Age doth prize,
Why ſhould that ſeem ſo lovely in thine Eyes?
'Tis but a moment they with thee will laſt,
And Sadneſs comes alſo when they are paſt.
The Brute his Pleaſures hath as well as thee,
Man's chiefeſt good therefore can't Pleaſures be.
And whil'ſt thou ſtriv'ſt thy evil Luſt to pleaſe,
Thy raging *Conſcience*, *Youth*, who ſhall appeaſe?

With this sweet Meat I tell thee also Friend,
Thou shalt have sour sauce be sure i'th end.
And as for Beauty, that also is vain,
Unless thou can'st the inward Beauty gain:
What's outward Beauty save an evil snare,
By which vain ones oft-times deceived are?
And on a sudden drawn into Temptation,
For to commit most vile Abomination.
That Beauty which Man's carnal Heart doth prize,
Renders not lovely in *Jehovah*'s Eyes;
Tho deck'd with Jewels, Rings, and brave Attire,
The glorious King their Beauty don't desire;
His Heart's not taken with't, but contrar'wise
The Beauty of vain ones he doth despise.
Tho very fair, yet if defil'd with Sin,
They like unto Sepulchres are within.
Loathsome and vile i'th sight of God are they,
And soon their seeming Beauty will decay:
It fades and withers, and away doth pass,
Just like unto the Flower of the Grass.
The curled Locks, yea, and the spotted Face,
God e'er a while will bring into Disgrace.
Those Ladies which excel all others too,
Must feed the Worms within a day or two;
Death and the Grave will spoil their Beauty quite,
And none in them shall ever more delight.
As for thy Age, in youthful days we see,
Youth minds nought else save cursed Vanity.
Soon may the Spring also meet with a Blast,
And all thy Glory not an Hour last.
The Flower in the Spring which is so gay,
Soon doth it fade and wither quite away.
Nothing on Earth canst thou find out or spy,
That will content thee long, or satisfy
That Soul of thine, if still you search about,

Till you do find the rarest Science out.
For if on Learning once you set your Mind,
Much Vanity in that also you'll find.
For humane Knowledge and Philosophy
Can't bring thy Soul into sweet Unity
With God above, and Jesus Christ his Son,
In whom, poor Youth, is Happiness alone.
Dote not on Honour then, nor yet Treasure,
Nor on Beauty, Learning, Youth, or Pleasure;
All is but Vanity that's here below;
Truth and Experience both the same do show.
Come, look to Heav'n, seek thou for higher Joys,
Let Swine take Husks, and Fools these empty toys.
Come taste of Christ, poor Soul, and then you will
Of Joys Celestial receive your fill.
If thou dost drink but of the Crystal Springs,
These outward Joys thou'lt see are trifling things.
If Heaven's Sweetness once thou hadst but caught,
Thou wouldst account Earth's best Enjoyments
Honour & riches too Christ has great store (naught
And at's *right Hand Pleasures for evermore.*
Do'st think that he who makes Man's Life so sweet,
Whil'st he with grievous Troubles here doth meet,
And in believing hath such Sweetness plac'd,
Tho his own Image greatly is defac'd,
Can't give to him much greater Consolation;
When all the sowr's vanisht of Temptation?
If with the bitter, Saints such sweetness gain,
What shall they have when they in Glory reign?

Youth.

Be silent, *Truth*, leave off, for I can't bear
Your whining Strains, nor will I longer hear
Such melancholy Whimses, they're such Stuff,
Which suits not with my Age; I have enough

Of it already, and also of you,
Sith you my Int'rest strive to overthrow.
When I appeal'd to you I was perplext,
And with sad Melancholy sorely vext:
But since I do perceive the Storm is o'er,
You I don't think to trouble any more.
Long-winded Sermons, Sir, I do not love,
Nor of your Doctrine in the least approve.
No Liberty to me I see you'll give,
In sweet Delights and Pleasures for to live.
I don't intend Fanatick yet to turn,
Nor after such distracted People run;
An easier way to Heaven I do know,
And therefore, Sir, farewel, farewel to you.
My Bride, my Sports, and my old Company,
I will enjoy, and all my Bravery.
I will hold fast, yea, wantonly fulfil
My fleshly Mind, say Preachers what they will.

Conscience.

Ah Youth, ah Youth! is't so in very Deed?
Wilt thou no more unto God's Truth give heed?
'Twas but my Mouth to stop I now do find,
That unto Truth you seemingly inclin'd.
But this, O Soul, I must assure to thee,
What thou hast heard, has much enlightned me,
And my Commission too it doth renew,
As will appear by what doth next ensue,
Have you from God been called thus upon,
And shall your Heart be hardned like a Stone?
You can't plead Ignorance, O Youth, 'tis so,
You plainly now have heard what you should do.
Your Sin will be with grievous Aggravation,
If quickly you don't make a Recantation.
Your Sin will be now of a scarlet dye,
And many Stripes prepared I espy,

With which you must be beat, because that you
Your Master's Will so perfectly do know,
But for to do the same you still refuse,
And your poor Conscience wickedly abuse:
You'll shew your self a cursed Rebel now,
If unto Christ with speed you do not bow.
Wilt thou thy Sins retain, when thou dost hear
How much against the Living God they are?
Wilt thou cast Dirt into his blessed Face:
O! tremble Soul, and dread thy present Case.

Youth.

Now, my good Days, I see they will be gone,
My inward Thoughts will ne'er let me alone;
Ah that I could but Sin without Controul,
And Conscience would no more disturb my Soul
His bitter Gripes much longer I can't bear,
He's grown so strong, that little Hope is there.
But he'll prevail, such Conflicts do I feel,
My Courage now and Resolutions reel,
But yet I am resolv'd once more to try,
And struggle will to get the Mastery.
I cowardly will not acquit the Field,
Nor at the second Summons will I yield.
I'll make once more another stout Essay,
E're unto Conscience I will yield the Day,
Ah! how can I my sweet Delights forsake,
Without Resistance to the last I make?
Conscience, altho I sinful am, I see,
There's many thousand Sinners worse than me;
There's none can live, and from all Sin be clear,
That I from *Truth* did very lately hear.
My Heart is good, tho it is true, that I
Am overcome through humane Frailty.

Conscience.

O cursed Wretch! dar'st thou thy Heart com-
Come tremble, Soul, and it to pieces rend. (mend?
Don't I most clearly in thy Heart behold
Most horrid Lust, 'twould shame thee were it told.
All Rottenness and Filth do I espy,
In that base Heart of thine to lurk and lie:
There Vipers breed, and many a Cockatrice,
The spawn of every Sin and evil Vice.
Like a Sepulchre, Soul, thou art within,
Nought's there but Stink and putrifying Sin,
Out from thy Heart all Evil doth ascend,
And yet wilt thou thy filthy Heart commend?
And dost thou think thy State good for to be,
'Cause thou dost find many as bad as thee?
You are so naught, if you from Sin don't turn,
You must for Sin in Hell for ever burn.
Except you do repent, *Truth* tells you plain,
You perish must in everlasting Pain.

Youth.

We'll say no more, if this be so, I must
Go unto *Truth* again, or I shall burst;
My Heart will break I clearly do discern,
I therefore now must yield, and also learn
What's my Estate, my Nature; O that I'd know,
Come *Truth*, I pray will you this Favour show,
As to explain this thing to me more clear,
For *Conscience* doth my Soul with Horrour scare,
Is he i'th' right, O *Truth*! or is he wrong?
I find Convictions in me very strong.
What is my State? declare it unto me,
And set my troubled Soul at Liberty.

Truth.

What *Conscience* speaks, O young Man, is most right,
And vain it is with him longer to fight:

Conscience

Conscience against thee doth his Witness bear,
And dreadful Danger also doth declare,
Those he condemns by Light receiv'd from me,
Th' Eternal God condemns assuredlie.
And God is greater than thy Heart, O Soul,
Who can enough thy grievous State condole;
If *Conscience* does his Testimony give,
That you in Sin and cursed Ways do live,
And that thou art an unconverted Wretch;
If 'tis from hence, between you there's a Breach;
And this be so, as it you can't deny,
What would you do, if you this Night should dy?
If in this State this Life you do depart,
Undone for evermore, young Man, thou art:
As sure as is the Mighty God in Heaven,
Against thy Soul the Sentence will be given,
Conscience his Power did from God receive,
And if you don't obey and him believe,
But do reject his Motions, 'tis all one
As if Christ Jesus you did tread upon:
Whilst he doth Rule by Laws that are Divine,
'Tis Treason him to stop, or undermine,
And once again to shew thee thy Estate,
Thou being (young Man) not regenerate,
No God nor Christ have you; 'tis even so,
And this indeed's the Sum of all your Woe.
In God no Interest, Youth, hast thou at all,
He's quite departed ever since the Fall,
And is become thy dreadful Enemy,
His angry Face is set most vehemently
Against thy Soul, and that's a fearful thing,
Enough thy Pride with Vengeance down to bring.
Each Attribute against thy Soul is set,
And all of them also together met,
To make thee ev'ry way most miserable,

Which Wrath for to withſtand, what Man is able?
He'll ſuddenly thy Soul to pieces tear,
And his eternal Vengeance make thee bear:
His Wrath it will upon thy Soul remain,
'Till you by Faith are truly born again.

Youth.

This Doctrine which to me you do declare,
It is enough to drive one to deſpair:
If it be ſo, I grant I am undone,
But God is gracious, and has ſent his Son,
He's full of Bowels, therefore hope do I,
He'll not on me his Juſtice magnify.

Truth.

'Tis true God's gracious, yet he will not clear
Thoſe guilty Souls who don't his Juſtice fear,
He's very gracious, yet he's full of Ire,
And is to ſuch like a conſuming Fire.
He ſent his Son, 'tis true, for Souls to die,
But many miſs and falſly do apply
His precious Blood; therefore my Counſel take,
Don't you too ſoon an Application make,
Of God's ſweet Grace, nor yet of Chriſt's dear Blood,
Until by you the Goſpel's underſtood.
Thoſe who are whole need no Phyſician have,
The ſick and wounded Soul Chriſt came to ſave.
What doſt thou judge thy preſent State to be,
How do's it ſtand, and is it now with thee?

Youth.

I am a Sinner, and my Heart doth bleed,
My Sin-ſick Soul doth a ſweet Saviour need;
My Conſcience tells me that I am moſt vile,
And grievouſly for Sin doth me turmoil.

Truth.

No Saviour you can have, unleſs you do
Reſolve to leave your Sins, and let them go:

Nor

Nor for your Wounds is there a help be ſure,
Till Cauſes be remov'd which do procure,
And bring on you that Pain and bitter Smart,
Which you cry out of in your inward Part.

Youth.

My trembling Soul's amaz'd and fill'd with Fear,
Another way, O *Truth*! my Courſe I'll ſteer;
I muſt forſake all evil Ways, for I
Do ſee the Danger and the Miſery
Which doth attend the way that I am in,
Whilſt I do keep and hug my curſed Sin.
There's ſcarce a Night which paſſeth o'er my Head,
But dread I do the making of my Bed;
(E're Morning comes) in the ſad depths of Hell,
My Conſcience therefore now does me compel,
To bid adieu to all ſweet Joy and Pleaſure,
To Lies and Fraud, and all unlawful Treaſure.
In Sports and Games I'll take no more delight,
But contrar wiſe I'll Pray both Day and Night.
Conſcience has overcome me with his Gripes;
Truth follows him ſo with his threatned Stripes,
The Wall's broke down, the old Man runs away,
And *Conſcience* follows cloſs to cut and ſlay:
And threatens too, no Quarter he will give,
And ſeems before him every thing to drive.
Luſt forced is in Corners now to fly,
Where it doth hide it ſelf moſt ſecretly,
And watcheth alſo, thinking for to get
An Opportunity once more to ſet
And fall on *Conſcience*, which it doth diſdain,
'Cauſe *Conſcience* ſays, Corruption muſt be ſlain.
I ſide with him, becauſe I would have Peace,
But ſtill 'tis doubtful when theſe Wars will ceaſe.

Devil.

What Pity is't thy Sun ſhould ſet ſo ſoon,
O ſhould be clouded thus before 'tis Noon,
No ſooner riſen, in thy Horizon,
And ſweetly ſhines, but preſently is gone?
Shall Winter come before the Spring is paſt,
And all its Fruit be ſpoil'd with one ſad Blaſt?
Shall that brave Flower which doth ſeem ſo gay,
So quickly fade and wither quite away?
What Pity is't that one ſo young as thee,
Should thus be brought into Captivity.
Heark not to *Conſcience*, for I dare maintain
'Tis better for to hug thy Sins again.
Thy *Conſcience*, *Youth*, thou haſt too lately found,
Doth but amaze and give thy Soul a Wound,
Conſider well, adviſe, and thou ſhalt ſee,
My ways are beſt, come hearken unto me,
I'll give thee Honour, Pleaſure, Wealth and things
Which prized are by Noblemen and Kings:
Let not this make-bate with one angry Frown,
Throw all thy Glory and thy Pleaſure down,
Let not ſtrange Thoughts diſtreſs thy troubled Mind,
What Satisfaction canſt thou have or find
But that which floweth from this World alone?
'Tis I muſt raiſe thee to the ſublime Throne.
The Hell thou feareſt, may be but a Story,
And Heaven alſo but a feigned Glory,
If this don't ſtartle thee, then ſpeedily
I will ſtir up ſome other Enemy.
Old Man rouze up, I charge you to awake
And ſwiftly too, your Life lies at the Stake.
And Miſtreſs Heart, ſtir up your wilful Will;
Is this a Seaſon for him to ſit ſtill?
If unto *Truth* and *Conſcience* he gives place,
Our Intereſt will, you'll ſee, go down apace;

Judgment

Judgment is gone already, and doth yield,
And Courage too, I fear, will quit the Field.
Some Sins are slain, and in their Blood do lie,
And others into Holes are forc'd to flie.
As for Affection he doth hold his own,
Tho *Conscience* doth upon him sadly frown.
Remembrance will unto him trait'rous prove,
If I his Thoughts from Sermons can remove;
I'll make his Mind run after things below,
And raise up Trouble which he did not know:
And he'll forget what he did lately hear,
And cease will then his former Thoughts and Fear.
If I can please his sensual Appetite,
There is no Fear of any sudden Flight.
His Breast is tender, apt to entertain,
The Sparks of Lust which long he can't restrain,
I'll blow them up, and kindle them anew,
And to Convictions soon he'll bid adieu.
New Objects I'll present unto his Sight,
In which I'm sure he can't but take delight,
I have such hold of him, there is no doubt,
But I once more shall turn him quite about.
His old Companions also I'll provoke,
At's Door again to give another knock;
Their strong Enticements hardly he'll withstand,
They can, you see, his Spirit soon command.

Youth's old Companions.

How do you, Sir? what is the Cause that we
Can't here of late enjoy your Company?
It seems to us as if you were grown strange,
As if in Youth there were some sudden Change.

Youth.

I have not had the Opportunity,
Besides on me there do's some burden lie,
Which doth press down my Spirit very sore,
And makes me seldom to go forth o'th Door.

Companions.

I warr'nt you, Sirs, 'tis Sin afflicts his Soul,
And he's just going now for to turn Fool.
Come, come away, to Age such Grief belongs,
To Youth brave Mirth and sweet melodious Songs.
Come, drive these thoughts away with Pipe & Pot,
Sing and carouse till they are quite forgot,
The lovely Strains of the well tuned Lute,
Where Plays they act, do with our Nature suite.
Come, go with us upon a brave Design,
The which will chear that drooping Heart of thine;
Come, generous Soul, let thy ambitious Eye,
Such foolish Fancies and vain Dreams defy.
Shall thy heroick Spirit thus give Place
To silly Dotage, to thy great Disgrace?

Vicinus.

The young Man yields, being possess'd with Fears,
They would reproach him else with scoffs & jears:
But afterwards his Head begins to ake,
And *Conscience* then afresh begins to wake,
And stings him after such a bitter sort,
It puts a Period to his jovial Sport.
The thoughts of Death, which Sickness doth presage
Doth trouble him, he cannot bear the Rage
And inward Gripes of his enlightned Breast,
And therefore now again he thinks 'tis best
To hearken to *Conscience*, whom he did refuse,
And grievously did many times abuse.

Conscience.

Go mourn, thou Wretch for sad is thy Condition,
Pour forth amain the Water of Contrition,
Wilt thou appear to Men godly to be,
When all is nothing but Hypocrisie?
Wilt thou to *Truth* so often lend an Ear,
And yet to Satan also thus adhere?

You

You were as good have kept your former Station,
As thus to yield afresh unto Temptation;
Go unto *Truth*, if God give Space and Room,
Before I do pronounce your final Doom.

Truth.

Come, come, *young Man*, don't thy Convictions lose,
But cherish them, and timely also choose
The one thing needful, which alone is good,
That God may wash thy Soul in Christ his Blood.
Thy Soul is precious, 'tis of greater Worth
Than all the things that are upon the Earth,
For if that the whole World you now could gain,
And all the Pleasures of it could obtain,
And in exchange your Soul should lose thereby
What would your profit be when you must die?
When once thy Soul is lost, thou loseſt all;
O! that will be a very dismal Fall!
Dost thou not know what I of Hell declare,
Of th' hideous howlings of the Damned there?
How canst thou with devouring Fire dwell?
Or lie with Devils in the lowest Hell?
Those who do in their natural State remain,
Must live for ever in that restless Pain.
All Fornicators, Drunkards, and the Liar,
Must have their Portion in that Lake of Fire;
With Thieves, Revilers, and Extortioners,
And such who are most vile Idolaters;
The Proud, the Swearer, and the Covetous,
God doth pronounce on them the self same Curse,
And those who live in vile Hypocrisie,
Or do backslide into Apostasie;
Let such unto my present Words give heed,
Their Pain and Torment shall all Mens exceed.
What wilt thou do, or whether wilt thou flee,
Where canst thou hide from the great Majestie,

Who

Who tries the Reins, and searches ev'ry Heart,
Conscience declares that thou most guilty art.
Condemned Soul! thou know'st that this is so,
And this moreover which I plainly show,
Will come to pass as sure as God's above,
If from all Sin with speed you don't remove;
As sure as you do live, where e're you die,
To Hell you go to all Eternitie:
Except Repentance in your Soul be wrought,
With Vengeance thither you'll at last be brought,
You are the Man for whom God did prepare
That dreadful *Tophet* where the Damned are,
The which is made exceeding large and deep,
The Damned in that doleful Place to keep.
O! call to Mind what *Conscience* doth this day
Charge you withal, before you're swept away;
Lest you from him do hear no more at all,
Till you into those scorching Flames do fall;
What Mercy is't that *Conscience* strives so long,
And his Convictions still in you are strong!
O! fear lest Sin do sear your *Conscience* quite,
And God also put out your Candle Light!
And give you up unto a Heart of Stone,
As he in Wrath has served many one;
Then to Repent it will be much too late,
Such is the Danger of a lapsed State.
Young Man, take heed you don't this Work delay,
And put it off unto another day.
Your own Experience may discover this,
Man's Life a Bubble and a Vapour is.
Alas! thy days on Earth will be but few,
They flee away like to the Morning Dew,
Like as the Cloud and Shadow swiftly flies,
Or, Dew doth pass as soon as Sun doth rise:
So flie thy Days, thy golden Months and Years,

Much

Much like the Blossom that most gay appears;
And on a sudden fades, and do's decay;
So Youth oft-times doth wither quite away.
Thy Age thou dost unto the Spring compare,
And to the Flowers which appear so rare.
From hence, O young Man learn Instruction now,
Don't thy Experience daily teach thee how,
The Flower withers and hangs down its Head,
Which curiously of late so flourished:
The Meadows clad in glorious Array,
But's soon cut down, and turned all to Hay.
Like *Jonah*'s Gourd which sprang up in a Night,
And perished as soon as it was Light.
Or like a Post which quickly passeth by,
Or Weaver's Shuttle which he maketh fly:
Or as a Ship when she is under sail,
Doth run most swift when she hath a full Gale,
So are thy Days, they in like manner flie,
How many little Graves may'st thou espie?
Come measure now thy days, and see their length
Number them not by years, by Health nor Strength,
All these uncertain Rules you must refuse,
Tho that's the way which most of Men douse:
They think to live till they old aged are,
'Cause their Progenitors long-lived were.
That Rule from *Truth* you see doth greatly vary,
And which Experience sheweth is contrary.
You hear the things which you should reckon by,
Things swift in Motion, gone most speedily.
Thy Life's uncertain, Youth, 'tis but a Blast,
Thy Sand is little, long it will not last.
Thy House tho new, yet it is very old,
Gone to Decay, and turning to the Mould.
You're born to die, and dead also you were,
Before you liv'd or breath'd into the Air,

And

And die you must, before that live you do;
Except you die to live, as I do show,
Thy dreadful Ruine, Soul, is very nigh,
Unless thy Tears prevent it speedily.
What is thy Purpose now, what's in thy Mind?
Which way dost think to take, how art inclin'd?

Truth.

Thy Ways, O *Truth*, I am resolv'd to run,
And never more will I to Folly turn.
I tremble at the thoughts of Death and Hell,
My Soul is wounded, and my Wounds do swell;
My Pains increase, therefore my Purpose now
Is far more strick to be, and for to bow
Unto Christ Jesus, that I may obtain
Some healing Medicine to remove my Pain.
No rest can I, save in my Duty find,
I unto Prayer am now much inclin'd.
God will, I hope, these latter Sins forgive,
Since I more godly do intend to live:
And so resolve to watch, and take such care,
That Satan shall no more my Soul insnare.

Vicinus.

He from this day becomes a great Professor,
Tho far from being yet a true Possessor:
Christ he has got into his Mouth and Head,
And not internally rais'd from the Dead,
But in old *Adam* still does he remain,
Not knowing what 'tis to be Born again.
When Satan sees it is in vain to strive,
The Soul into its former State to drive;
But that it will forsake grosse Wickedness,
And will also the Truths of Christ profess,
He yields thereto, resolving secretly,
To blind its Eyes in close Hypocrisie;

And

And ſo appears under a new Diſguiſe,
Moſt ſubtilly thy Soul for to ſurprize,
Perſwading him the War which he doth find
Daily to be within his troubled Mind,
Is ſaving Grace againſt Iniquity,
Which has prevail'd and got the Victory;
When it is common Grace (we do ſo call)
And not the Grace that's ſupernatural.
He takes the Work of legal Reformation
For th' only Work of true Regeneration.
Here he doth reſt, and ſeem to be at Eaſe,
When all is done, his Conſcience to appeaſe.
But I'll give place to this religious Youth,
To hear Diſcourſe between him and the Truth.

Youth.

O! happy I, and bleſſed be the Day
That unto *Truth* and *Conſcience* I gave way.
I would not be in my old State again,
If I thereby ſome thouſands might obtain.
From Wrath, and Hell, my Soul is now ſet free,
For I don't doubt, but I converted be.
The Word with Power ſo to me was brought,
A glorious Change within my Soul is wrought.

Truth.

Young Man, take heed, leſt you miſtaken are,
Converſion's hard, it is a Work ſo rare,
That very few that narrow Paſſage enter,
Tho far that way there's thouſands do adventure,
Yet miſs the Mark for all their inward Strife,
They fall far ſhort of the new Creature-life.
Come, let me hear your grounds of Evidence,
For I don't like your ſeeming Confidence.
I doubt I ſhall find you under God's Curſe,
And ſtill your Caſe as bad, if not much worſe,

Than

Than 'twas when you did no Profession make,
But did your Swing on all Profaneness take.
The *Pharisee* was a religious Man,
Yet nearer Heaven was the *Publican*.
If short of Christ you fix or fasten do,
'Twill be your Ruine and your Overthrow.

Youth.

What do you mean? this Doctrine's too severe,
For all might see that I converted were.
But if my grounds you are resolv'd to weigh,
You shall forthwith hear what I have to say;
And the first ground which I resolve to bring,
For to evince, to clear and prove the thing,
Is from Convictions which I have of Sin,
Which once I hugged and delighted in.

Truth.

Alas poor Soul! this Reason soon will flie,
For most do see their vile Iniquity.
They are convinced by their inward Light,
That Sin is odious in *Jehovah*'s Sight;
But yet vile Sinners are, nevertheless,
And don't one Dram of saving Grace possess,
King *Pharaoh*, *Esau*, yea and *Judas* too,
They were convinced of their Sins, you know:
That they were Saints there's no Man doth believe;
For all those three the Devil did deceive.
As he beguiled them, he may likewise
With cunning Stratagems your Soul surprize.
Nay, and he has, so far as I can judge,
Unless you do some better Reason urge,
To prove Conversion in your Soul is wrought;
I do declare your State is very naught.
How many Men under Convictions lie,
Yet never born again until they die?

Wh

What haſt thou elſe to ſay, and to produce,
Sith ſlight Convictions are of little Uſe?

Youth.

I do not only ſee my Sin, but I
Do mourn and grieve for Sin continually.
And thoſe which do ſo mourn, they bleſſed are,
Don't you alſo the ſelf ſame thing declare?

Truth.

Nay, hold a little, thou may'ſt weep amain,
And yet in thee may many Evils reign.
And thou may'ſt mourn for Sin, as many do,
Becauſe of Shame, of bitter Pain and Wo,
Which now it brings, and leads unto i'th' end,
And not becauſe thereby you do offend,
The living God, and wound your Saviour, who
Did for your ſake ſuch Torment undergo.
Mourn more for th'Evil which doth come thereby,
Than for the Evil which in Sin doth lie.
This ground is weak, for *Eſau*, it appears,
Did mourn and weep, and let fall bitter Tears;
And yet you know that *Eſau* was profane,
And far was he from being born again.

Youth.

But I go further yet, I do confeſs
My horrid Evils, and my Guiltineſs;
If I confeſs my Sins, as I have done,
God he is juſt, and is the faithful One
Who will my Sins forgive, and pardon quite,
And blot them out of his own precious ſight.
This being ſo, what Cauſe then can you ſee,
But that I'm turn'd from my Iniquitie?

Truth.

This will not do, 'tis not a certain ground;
Some do confeſs their Sins, whoſe Heart's unſound
When *Pharaoh* ſaw the Judgment of the Hail,

His

His Heart began then greatly for to fail.
I've sinn'd this time, the Lord is just, said he,
I, and my People also wicked be.
Tho *Pharaoh*, *Saul*, and *Judas*, each of them,
God did reject, and utterly condemn;
Yet these, when under Wrath, are forc'd to cry,
Lord, we have sinn'd; their Conscience so did fly
Into their Faces, that it made them quake,
And unto God Confession strait to make.
Confession may be made also in part,
And not of ev'ry Sin that's in the Heart.
Men may confess their Sin, and their great Guilt,
Who the dire Nature of it never felt:
Confess their Sins in their Extremity,
When Conscience pinches them most bitterly:
Confess their Sins which they committed have,
Yet don't intend those curst Sins to leave.

Youth.

But I confess, and also do forsake,
My State therefore, 'tis clear, you do mistake.
Those who confess, and do their Sins forego,
God will to them his precious Mercy show:
Therefore don't trouble me, 'tis very plain;
I for my Part am truly Born again.

Truth.

In this also you may deceived be,
Men may forsake all gross Iniquity,
Yet in their Souls may some sweet Morsels lie,
Which they may hug, and keep close secretly.
They may Sin leave, but not as it is Sin,
Which hath too often manifested been.
If the least Sin thou did'st forsake aright,
All Sin would then be odious in thy Sight,
Judgment and Reason may your Sins oppose,
And utterly refuse with them to close;

Yet

Yet may thy Will and thy Affections join,
To favour still and love those Sins of thine.
If Sin's not out of thy Affection cast,
Thou wilt appear an Hypocrite at last:
If Sin i'th Will and in th' Affection's found,
'Tis a true sign thy Heart is quite unsound.
Like to the Seamen some Professors do,
Who over-board some Goods are forc'd to throw;
When they do meet with stormy and bad Weather,
Lest all their Goods and Ship do sink together.
When in the Soul great Storms and Tempests rise,
The Devil then may subtilly advise
The Soul to throw some of its Sins away,
To make a Calm, that so thereby he may
Perswade the Soul the Danger is quite gone,
And that the Work in him is fully done.
'Tis not enough therefore some Sins to leave,
But ev'ry Sin you must resolve to heave,
And cast o'er board, yea, and that willingly,
Or else you sink to all Eternity.
Not by Constraint, as *Conscience* doth compel,
As some are forc'd to do who like it well;
Who leave the Act, but Love to it retain,
Such leave their Sins, and yet their Sins remain.

Youth.

These are hard Sayings which you do relate,
And I indeed should question my Estate,
Were't not for other grounds and reasons clear,
By which I know that I converted were.
Sir! there's in me a very glorious Change;
Most Men admire it, and do think it strange
That one who lately did both scoff and jear
Those Men and People which I now do hear;
And follow'd Vice, and ev'ry Vanity,
Should on a sudden thus reformed be;

And

And utterly my ſelf alſo deny,
Of my ſweet Joys, and former Company!

Truth.

From outward Filthineſs a Man may turn,
And not be chang'd in Heart when he has done,
A legal Change, I grant, he may be under,
Yet may not Soul and Self be cut aſunder.
An outward Change in Men there may be wrought,
And yet their Hearts within be very naught.
The Swine that wallows in the Mire now,
May waſhed be, but ſtill remains a Sow.
Perſons may cleanſe the outſide of the Cup;
And Dogs may ſpew their naſty Vomit up;
But yet do keep their beaſtly Nature ſtill,
And e're a while they manifeſt it will.
Many Profeſſors fall away, and die,
For want of being changed thorowlie.
The *Phariſee* was chang'd he did appear
As if indeed a precious Saint he were;
And differ'd quite from the poor *Publican*,
And thought himſelf a far more happy Man.
But all this was in Shew and not in Heart,
And therefore had in Chriſt no Share nor Part.
Except your Righteouſneſs doth his excel,
You in no wiſe ſhall in God's Kingdom dwell.
'Tis a falſe Change, and cannot be a true,
Unleſs in you all things are wholly new.
Old *Herod* will reform in many things,
When once he finds his Conſcience bites and ſtings,
To hear *John Baptiſt* alſo was he led,
Yet afterwards depriv'd him of his Head.
So far this ſeeming Saint was turn'd aſide,
That he alſo your Saviour did deride;
And with his Men of War ſet him at nought,
Whilſt Accuſations they againſt him ſought;

Sitwo

Simon the Sorcerer also you read
Was changed so, he gave great Care and Head,
To *Philip*'s Preachings; yea, and suddenly
He leaves his Witchcrafts and his Sorcery;
And yet a cursed Caitiff all the while,
Like a Sepulchre painted, inward vile.
Another Man in Shew 'tis like thou art,
Yet not made new, and changed in thy Heart;
Men in thy Life may no great Blemish spy,
Yet in thy Breast much Rottenness may lie;
Toward all Men thy Conscience may be clear;
Conscience so far may for thee witness bear,
That you in Morals it do not offend;
Yet unto God it may not you commend:
But contrar'wise it in your Face may fly,
And you condemn for Sin continually,
For secret Evils which it's privy to,
Which none knows of save only God and you.
Therefore, O! young Man, if you look about,
Of your Conversion you have Cause to doubt;
Satan so greatly may your Heart deceive,
That not one Dram of Grace your Soul may have
Which saving is, and of the purest Kind,
For that, alas! there's very few do find.

Youth.

But I am call'd of God, and do obey
The voice of *Truth* and *Conscience* ev'ry day,
God's called ones I'm sure you can't deny,
But they are such whom he doth justify:
Therefore 'tis clear and very evident,
That Grace alone hath made me penitent:
My Heart is sound, my Graces true also,
My Confidence there; none shall overthrow

Truth.

Truth.

Thou seems too confident, 'tis a bad sign;
For Fears attend where saving Grace doth shine.
I tell thee, Youth, that many called be,
But few are chosen from Eternitie.
Judas was call'd, and did obey in part,
And yet he was a Devil in his Heart.
There is an outward and an inward Call,
The latter only is effectual;
Therefore you must produce some better ground,
For this don't prove that your Conversion's sound;
But that thou may'st stick fast still in the Birth,
Or prove Abortive when thou art brought forth.
'Tis rare, O Youth, for to be Born anew,
And hard to find out when the Work is true.

Youth.

Tho it be so, what Cause have I to fear,
When that my Evidences are so clear?
I do believe, and trust in God through Faith,
And he which so doth do, the witness hath
Within himself, and shall assuredly
Be saved also when he comes to die.

Truth.

Thou may'st believe as most of People do,
And yet to Hell at last thy Soul may go.
The Faith of Credence it is like you have,
Which cannot quicken, purifie, or save.
Some *Jews* believ'd in Christ you also find,
Yet to their Lusts their Hearts were then inclin'd,
And out of Satan's Kingdom were not freed,
Nor made Disciples of the Lord indeed.
Simon the Sorcerer he did believe,
Yet did his Soul no saving Grace receive;
But was a Child of Satan ne're the less,
And still was in the Gall of Bitterness.

The

The ſtony Ground with Joy receiv'd the Seed,
And for a time brought forth, as you may read,
And yet their Hearts they were but Hearts of ſtone;
Their Faith 'twas temporary, ſoon 'twas gone.
The *Devils do believe* as well as you,
Yea, and confeſs that Jeſus they do know;
They tremble alſo, which ſome Men can't ſay
They ever did unto this preſent day.
Such Faith as Devils have, moſt Men obtain,
Which ſerves for nought, ſave to augment their pain.
If on a Death-bed *Conſciences* do awake,
'Twill cauſe them then to tremble and to quake,
And roar like Devils when they do eſpy
The dreadful Wrath of that great Majeſty,
Whom they offended, and againſt their Light
And Knowledge too, moſt wickedly did ſlight.
This Faith will ſerve their Grief to aggravate,
But not to help them out of that Eſtate;
'Tis eaſie to believe that Chriſt did die,
But hard his Blood in Truth for to apply.
Men may raiſe up the Dead to Life again,
As eaſie as true ſaving Faith obtain
By their own Power and inherent Skill,
Naught doth oppoſe it more than Man's own Will;
Until almighty Power makes it bend,
'Twill not to Grace nor Jeſus condeſcend.
That Pow'r which rais'd up Jeſus from the Dead,
Works Faith in Saints, whereby they're quickened,
The Faith of Credence, and Hiſtorical
Is eaſie had, I ne're deny it ſhall;
But precious Faith, the Faith of God's Elect,
As 'tis a Grace, and gloriouſly bedeckt
With other Graces, ſo 'twill never grow,
But in the honeſt Heart where God doth ſow
The bleſſed Seed, which like a Garden pure,

Doth yield its Fruits to th' laſt, you may be ſure.
And when this Faith is wrought in any Soul,
It throws down ſelf, and wholly then doth rowl
On Jeſus Chriſt, as its beloved One,
On whom it reſts, and doth depend alone.
If God hath wrought this precious Grace in thee,
Sin thou doſt hate, yea, all Iniquity;
And Luſt doth not predominate and reign,
If thou by Faith art truly born again.
Chriſt thou exalt'ſt as he is Prieſt and King,
And as thy Prophet too in ev'ry thing:
He does in thee wholly the Scepter ſway,
And thou art govern'd by him ev'ry day.
Sin can't prevail, ſuch is thy happy Caſe,
If thou haſt got this rare victorious Grace:
It purges and doth purifie thy Heart;
Wholly renewing thee in ev'ry part.
Men by its Fruits true Faith become to know,
And by their Works the ſame do alſo ſhow;
What Faith is thine? what think'ſt thou now of it?
I greatly fear 'twill prove a Counterfeit.
Examine thy Eſtate, and take good heed
To cloſe with Jeſus Chriſt, and that with ſpeed.
For as the Body without the Spirit's dead;
The ſame of Faith you know, is alſo ſaid.
Without Obedience doth thy Faith attend,
Yet for all this you'll periſh in the End.

Youth.

I am obedient, and am free to join
In Fellowſhip with Saints, ſuch Faith is mine:
I willing am to do, as to believe;
The Devil can't therefore my Soul deceive.
For I have clos'd with Chriſt already ſo,
That none my Faith ſhall ever overthrow:

The many Prayers I make both day and night,
Do doubtleſs prove that my Converſion's right.

Truth.

I tell thee Soul! Men may do more than this,
And yet they may of true Converſion miſs.
God's Ordinances many do obey,
And Members of God's holy Church are they,
And of its Privileges ſeem to ſhare,
As if that they truly converted were:
They may diſcourſe, and ſeem to be devout,
And may not be diſcerned nor found out,
They with the Flock may walk, lie down and feed,
And ſo remain till many Years ſucceed;
Nay, not diſcovered be until they ſtand
Amongſt the Goats, at Jeſus Chriſt's left Hand.
The fooliſh Virgins join'd themſelves with wiſe,
And for to meet the Bridegroom did ariſe:
But e're the Bridegroom came, their Caſe was ſad,
For they nought elſe ſave empty Veſſels had,
A bare Profeſſion, and a meer Outſide;
And did no Oyl, nor ſaving Grace provide.
Many great Preachers and Diſputers too
Chriſt will not own, nor any Favour ſhew,
Tho in his Name they mighty Works have done,
He'll ſay to them, *Ye wicked ones be gone,*
I know you not, therefore be gone from me
All you vile Workers of Iniquity.
You ſay oft-times, you ſeek the Lord in Prayer,
That you may do, and let fall many a Tear,
And yet not be in a converted State:
For many ſeek with Tears, when 'tis too late.
Others like Seamen in a Storm, do cry,
When *Conſcience* doth rebuke them bitterly,
And ſome under Affliction cry and howl,
And grievouſly their State do then condole,

Then Promiſes and Reſolutions make,
That they ſuch Courſes will no longer take:
But when the Storm, and the Affliction's o'er,
They are as bad, nay worſer than before.
Some pray in Form, and others pray by Art,
And ſome to mend the Badneſs of their Heart:
Their Hearts are wounded, and then ſpeedily
Their Prayers to heal it, they do ſtrait apply.
They ſin i'th' day, and pray when it is night:
They ſin again, but Pray'r doth heal it quite.
They think 'tis well if Tears thy can let fall,
Their Prayers and Tears they think will cure all;
And ſo that way poor *Conſcience* they beguile,
They ſilence him; yet Sinners all the while:
Their Prayers, alas! can't waſh their Filth away,
Tho they do nothing elſe both night and day.
'Tis on their Pray'rs they reſt, and do depend,
Which like a broken Staff will fail i'th' End.
A Saint in Prayer, no Reſt nor Eaſe can gain,
Unleſs Chriſt's Blood thereby he doth obtain;
And Grace alſo his Sins to mortifie,
For Chriſt, as well as Pardon, he doth cry.
But contrar'wiſe it is with moſt of Men,
They cry for Pardon, but do alſo then
In their vile Hearts regard Iniquity;
And for this Cauſe God doth their Suit deny.
Their Prayers are to God Abomination,
Whilſt they do hide and cover their Tranſgreſſion.
Some out of Cuſtom do perform their Prayer,
Not out of Conſcience or from godly Care:
And others alſo for vain Glory ſake,
Like *Phariſees* they many Prayers make
In ſight of Men, in publick ſuch will pray,
But in the Cloſet little have to ſay.
And ſome to God alſo ſeem to draw near,

Ye

Yet not in Love, nor out of filial Fear, (show,
They with their mouths and tongues much kindness
When as their Hearts are fix'd on things below.
'Tis for the Heart which Christ doth chiefly call,
And Reason 'tis that he should have it all.
For he the same did buy and purchase dear,
Yet Satan has the chief Possession there.
God at the Door, and in the Porch doth stand,
While Satan may the bravest Room command.
They'll ope' to him, and keep *Jehovah* out,
And yet in Pray'r they seem to be devout.
There's some will pray, and up this Duty keep,
When the Soul's quiet, and th' Body near asleep.
Whoever prays, and prays not fervently,
In Faith, in Truth, and in Sincerity;
Their Prayers are Sin, and them God will not hear,
Nor mind their Cry when they to him draw near.
'Tis not enough a Duty for to know,
But how also each Duty you shall do.
For Men may pray, read, hear, and meditate:
And yet be in an unconverted State.
They outwardly may many Truths profess,
But not in Heart the Pow'r of them possess:
The Law i'th' Letter keep, yea, have the Shell,
Yet feed on Husks, and want the true Kernel.
The young Man which to Jesus Christ did run,
He many things as well as you had done,
And yet fell short, as you may plainly see,
Of the chief Part of true Christianitie.
What say you now, O Youth, do you not fear,
That you by Satan much deceived are?
Have you no *Dalilah* which secretly
Doth in your Heart, or in your Bosom lie?
Don't you to Sin some secret Love retain?
If it be so, you are not born again.

Conscience I fear, and God's restraining Grace,
Has only stopt you in your former Race.
Like to a Dog that's kept up by a Chain,
So *Conscience* does from Sin oft-times restrain.
But if the Chain should slip, then loose he goes,
And presently his churlish Nature shows.
To your own Righteousness do you not trust;
I fear you do, come speak, or *Conscience* must.
Don't you conclude God is oblig'd to you,
Since you have let so many Evils go?
And are so holy here of late become,
Are not your Duties set up in the Room
And Place of Christ? O! see you do not make
A Saviour of your own, for Jesus sake;
Did ever Sin sinful to you appear?
And, as 'tis Sin, to it great Hatred bear?
Would you not sin, were there no Hell of Pain,
Because you know the Lord doth it disdain?
Rather is't not for fear of Punishment,
That you of late seem thus for to relent?
Or doth there not some carnal, base Design
Move thee so far unto God's Truth to join?
Is not thy End to get a Name thereby,
Or only done, *Conscience* to satisfie?
Or done to free thee from Reproach and Shame,
Which Sin doth bring upon a Person's Name?
Ha'st not it done, and wisely cast about
This way, for to prevent a Bankerout?
Or done for to augment thy outward Store,
To save thy Stock, and add unto it more?
For riotous living which attends thy Age,
Consumes apace, and Want it doth presage.
Come speak, O Youth! and be thou not unfree,
To let me understand how 'tis with thee.

Come

Come, call to mind what thou hast heard of late,
And thereby judge of this thy present State.

Youth.

I do not see but my Condition's good:
I have such Hope and Faith in Christ's dear Blood:
Tho many Imperfections I do see,
Yet God is gracious, and will pardon me,
For many Failings there are in the best:
What is amiss, I'll mend, and so do rest.

Truth.

Thy Hope will fail like to the Spiders Web,
Thy Flood of Confidence will have its Ebb,
If thou prove guilty of those things which I
Did unto thee so lately signify.
Thy Spots will not be like the Spots of those,
Which God for Children to himself hath chose:
And since you are so loath for to be try'd,
And lest you should also some Evils hide,
To *Conscience* I'll appeal, you have done wrong,
To stop his Mouth, and hinder him so long:
He's so enlightned now, he can declare,
As much as we at present need to hear.
He'll speak the Truth, and his Opinion show,
And nothing will he hid which he doth know.
If unto him you will attend with Care,
Of other Witnesses no need is there:
If he, O young Man! be but on your Side,
And is your Friend, you need none else provide.
But if against you, and do prove your Foe,
With Vengeance then be sure down you will go.
But if you will not hear what he shall say,
He'll make you tremble in the Judgment day.

Conscience. I do i'th' Name of the great King,
Require you forth your Evidence to bring.
Against this Man, accuse, or set him free,

According as you find his State to be;
Stand up for Christ your dread and sovereign Lord,
And judge for him as he doth Light afford.
Be not deceiv'd by Lust, a Bribe to take,
But judge by Law, Christ's Honour lies at Stake.
For to speak home and loud have you forgot?
Is he converted now, or is he not?
What do you say? your Testimony give?
Is all Sin dead, or doth there any live?
Is he new born, and chang'd in ev'ry part?
Or is't in Shew only, and not in Heart?

Conscience.

Sir, say no more, I am at your Command,
And you shall hear how things at present stand.
He hath, O *Truth*! almost deceived me
By's late pretences unto Sanctitie:
But having now afresh receiv'd more Light,
I must declare he is an Hypocrite.
He's not renew'd, or truly born again;
Which I to you shall clearly now explain.
For, first of all, his Faculty call'd Will,
That is perverse and very wicked still;
Tho I stir up to do good ev'ry hour,
Will doth oppose it with his greatest Pow'r.
He'll never pray in private day nor night,
But I must force him to't with all my Might.
The old Man is not slain, I do espy,
But has much Favour shown him secretly.
Tho I do force him into Holes to run,
Yet he doth nourish him when all is done.
His Love and his Affections are for Sin,
And so in Truth they ever yet have been.
He's troubled more at Sin because of Guilt,
Than at the *Odium* of it's curst Filth.
When he's abroad amongst religious Men,

Precise

Precise and zealous he is always then:
But when amongst such who ungodly be,
He suits himself to their vile Company.
Some Sins are left which Men condemn as gross,
Yet one he keeps, and hugs it very close:
Lust doth bear Rule, and much predominate,
And he on it doth love to ruminate.
'Tis Shame and outward Fear doth him restrain,
Or else the Act he would commit again.
If he from outward Blots can keep his Name,
The Saints can't him accuse nor justly blame,
He's satisfied, and very well content,
Tho to his Peace I never gave Consent.
Peace he oft-times doth speak unto his Soul,
And scarce will suffer me him to controul.
When I sometimes do catch him in a Lie,
And do reprove him for Hypocrisie:
To stop my Mouth he vows he will with speed
Amend what is amiss, and take more heed.
And more than this of him I could relate,
And shew how you have hit his present State:
But that he will not suffer me to speak,
He blinds my Eyes, that so I might not rake
Into his Heart and Life, lest he thereby
Meet with great Shame for his Iniquity.

Truth.

Conscience, forbear, you need not to enlarge
If you do lay these things unto his Charge,
He is undone, alas! his precious Soul
Is under wrath; who can enough condole
His sad Estate! the Gospel he'll profess,
But still remains i'th' Gall of Bitterness.
Is this the Saint that seemed so precise,
And did appear God's Statutes much to prize?

A Saint in Shew, a Devil in his Heart,
And must with Devils also have his Part!
The day is coming, and is very near,
When Hypocrites shall be surpriz'd with Fear;
The everlasting burning fiery Lake,
Is made more hot on purpose for their sake;
But since you are not fear'd, nor I yet gone,
Before we leave him quite do you go on:
Let us pursue him still, for who doth know,
What God may yet upon his Spirit do?
If God grant him one Dram of saving Grace,
That will yet do; tho 'tis a doubtful Case,
Whether or no God will his Grace afford
To such as he, who thus offend the Lord.
For such whom Satan doth this way deceive,
'Tis hard to bring them truly to believe.
He never was convinced thorowly
Of Sin, and of his natural Misery.
His lost Estate he truly never saw;
Nor what it is for to transgress God's Law,
How he's undone thereby he never knew,
Nor what for Sin original is due.
And as he did for Sin ne'er kindly bleed;
So of a Christ he never saw the need.
Th' absolute Want and great Necessity
Of Jesus Christ, he never did espy:
But on false bottoms he has built, 'tis clear;
I do conjure you therefore to declare
Him utterly unclean from Top to Toe,
And let him understand you are his Foe.
The Plague is in his Head, and no Place free,
But in his Heart it rages vehementlie.
Lance him unto the quick, and make him feel,
Lay on such Blows as may cause him to reel.

Conscience.

Conscience.

Come, come, O young Man, listen unto me,
I will no longer thus deceived be.
I from God's Word Commission have anew,
To tell thee what is like for to ensue;
For all thy Hopes and seeming goodly show;
Thou art a wretched Sinner thou dost know.
Think'st thou on *Conscience* to commit a Rape,
And yet God's dreadful Vengeance to escape?
Dar'st thou again under a new Disguise,
Encounter with thy former Enemies?
You are the same, I'm sure, altho you have
Changed your Coat, poor Mortals to deceive.
Ungodly Wretch! dost thou not dread my Name;
Who'm come once more against thee to proclaim
A second War, and to declare also
God's still thy Enemy and bitter Foe,
His Sword is whet, his Bow he'll also bend,
To cut down those that do like thee offend,
Naught he hates more than vile Hypocrine,
And from his Presence, Youth, thou canst not flie.

Youth.

Conscience, be still, tho I a Sinner be,
There's none doth know it now, save only thee;

Conscience.

Deceived Soul! doth none know it but I?
Where's the great God, is he not also nigh?
Dost think, vain Youth, the interposing Cloud,
From God's all-searching Eye can be a Shroud?
Or dost thou think God's Seat is so on high,
That he cannot thy inward Thoughts espie?
None know't but me! knowst thou not who I am?
Have I not Pow'r for to accuse and damn?
Should I be still, it would be a sad day,
Unless thy Sins were purged clean away;

And whilſt I ſpeak, and thou doſt ſtop thine Ear,
Nothing but War and Tumults thou wilt hear.
I'll never ſide with thee, nor take thy part,
Whilſt horrid Guilt remains in thy baſe Heart.
Nor would I mind thy Flattery or Frown,
Wer't thou the higheſt Prince of great'ſt Renown,
That ever did on Earth a Scepter ſway,
Before thy Face I would thy Evils lay.
At th' ſmalleſt Sin be ſure I can't connive,
And therefore with me 'tis in vain to ſtrive,
For where I am an Enemy indeed,
I'll plague that Heart until I make it bleed:
A cloſs and ſecret Foe, young Man, am I,
Who am alſo with thee continually.
What e're you think or ſpeak, yea, act or do,
Of it, (poor Soul) I very well do know.
Thy ſecret Luſt, and what is done i'th' Night,
Which thou aſhamed art, ſhould come to Light,
I then am nigh, and know it very well,
And more than this I am reſolv'd to tell;
I unto thee ſhall prove an Enemy,
When thou art brought into Adverſity;
When Death and Sickneſs comes, then thou ſhalt ſee
How thou with Horrour ſhalt amazed be.
Then my black Bill againſt thee will be large,
For then againſt thee I will bring a Charge,
Which will make thy ſad Face like Aſhes look,
And wound thy Soul as if a Knife was ſtruck
Into thy very Heart, and make thee mourn,
And curſe the day that ever thou was born.
I'll make thee underſtand clearly i'th' end,
What 'tis vile Wretch, poor *Conſcience* to offend.
Hearк once again, for I have more to ſay;
When this Life's ended, there's another day.
Look now about thee, Youth, for there's to come,

The

The black, the dark, and dreadful day of Doom.
When thou dost die, I'll bite and sting thy Soul,
Whilst that in Flames doth burn, and doth condole
Its damned State for yielding unto Sin,
Which has alone the Ruine of it been.
And also when i'th' Judgment-day you stand
Amongst the Goats at Jesus Christ's left Hand,
Thy dreadful State and Trial for to hear,
Then I against thee straightway must appear,
Yea, and shall speak more plain than now I can,
Because I'm clouded by the Fall of Man;
And am by Satan often-times misled,
And utterly unable rendered,
A true and right Decision for to make,
He so beguiles me that I do mistake,
And a wrong Judgment oftentimes retain,
Till Truth sets me into the right again.
But Satan then shall no more Power have,
The Heart of any Man for to deceive.
I in that day shall you provoke and urge,
For to confess with Shame before the Judge,
Thy evil Lust and close Hypocrisie,
Unto thy own eternal Misery.
I shall accuse thee so in that great day,
Thou shalt not have one Word (young Man) to say
Thy inward parts so open'd then shall be;
That nothing shall be hid i'th' least from me;
And I before the dreadful Judge shall show
All secret things that ever you did do;
And in your Face so fiercely also fly,
That you with Horror shall be forc'd to cry,
Guilty, guilty, O Lord! then thou must hear
The dreadful Sentence, which no one can bear;
Go, go, ye Cursed! that's a Word of Ire,
And you must down into eternal Fire,

Where

A Saint in Shew, a Devil in his Heart,
And must with Devils also have his Part!
The day is coming, and is very near,
When Hypocrites shall be surpriz'd with Fear;
The everlasting burning fiery Lake,
Is made more hot on purpose for their sake;
But since you are not fear'd, nor I yet gone,
Before we leave him quite do you go on:
Let us pursue him still, for who doth know,
What God may yet upon his Spirit do?
If God grant him one Dram of saving Grace,
That will yet do; tho 'tis a doubtful Case,
Whether or no God will his Grace afford
To such as he, who thus offend the Lord.
For such whom Satan doth this way deceive,
'Tis hard to bring them truly to believe.
He never was convinced thorowly
Of Sin, and of his natural Misery.
His lost Estate he truly never saw;
Nor what it is for to transgress God's Law,
How he's undone thereby he never knew,
Nor what for Sin original is due.
And as he did for Sin ne'er kindly bleed;
So of a Christ he never saw the need.
Th' absolute Want and great Necessity
Of Jesus Christ, he never did espy:
But on false bottoms he has built, 'tis clear;
I do conjure you therefore to declare
Him utterly unclean from Top to Toe,
And let him understand you are his Foe.
The Plague is in his Head, and no Place free,
But in his Heart it rages vehemently.
Lance him unto the quick, and make him feel,
Lay on such Blows as may cause him to reel.

Conscience.

Come, come, O young Man, listen unto me,
I will no longer thus deceived be,
I from God's Word Commission have anew,
To tell thee what is like for to ensue;
For all thy Hopes and seeming goodly show;
Thou art a wretched Sinner thou dost know.
Think'st thou on *Conscience* to commit a Rape,
And yet God's dreadful Vengeance to escape?
Dar'st thou again under a new Disguise,
Encounter with thy former Enemies?
You are the same, I'm sure, altho you have
Changed your Coat, poor Mortals to deceive.
Ungodly Wretch! dost thou not dread my Name;
Who'm come once more against thee to proclaim
A second War, and to declare also
God's still thy Enemy and bitter Foe,
His Sword is whet, his Bow he'll also bend,
To cut down those that do like thee offend,
Naught he hates more than vile Hypocrisie,
And from his Presence, Youth, thou canst not flie.

Youth.

Conscience, be still, tho I a Sinner be,
There's none doth know it now, save only thee;

Conscience.

Deceived Soul! doth none know it but I?
Where's the great God, is he not also nigh?
Dost think, vain Youth, the interposing Cloud,
From God's all-searching Eye can be a Shroud?
Or dost thou think God's Seat is so on high,
That he cannot thy inward Thoughts espie?
None know't but me! knowst thou not who I am?
Have I not Pow'r for to accuse and damn?
Should I be still, it would be a sad day,
Unless thy Sins were purged clean away,

And whilſt I ſpeak, and thou doſt ſtop thine Ear,
Nothing but War and Tumults thou wilt hear.
I'll never ſide with thee, nor take thy part,
Whilſt horrid Guilt remains in thy baſe Heart.
Nor would I mind thy Flattery or Frown,
Wer't thou the higheſt Prince of great'ſt Renown,
That ever did on Earth a Scepter ſway,
Before thy Face I would thy Evils lay.
At th' ſmalleſt Sin be ſure I can't connive,
And therefore with me 'tis in vain to ſtrive,
For where I am an Enemy indeed,
I'll plague that Heart until I make it bleed.
A cloſs and ſecret Foe, young Man, am I,
Who am alſo with thee continually.
What e're you think or ſpeak, yea, act or do,
Of it, (poor Soul) I very well do know.
Thy ſecret Luſt, and what is done i' th' Night,
Which thou aſhamed art, ſhould come to Light,
I then am nigh, and know it very well,
And more than this I am reſolv'd to tell;
I unto thee ſhall prove an Enemy,
When thou art brought into Adverſity;
When Death and Sickneſs comes, then thou ſhalt ſee
How thou with Horrour ſhalt amazed be.
Then my black Bill againſt thee will be large,
For then againſt thee I will bring a Charge,
Which will make thy ſad Face like Aſhes look,
And wound thy Soul as if a Knife was ſtruck
Into thy very Heart, and make thee mourn,
And curſe the day that ever thou was born.
I'll make thee underſtand clearly i' th' end,
What 'tis vile Wretch, poor *Conſcience* to offend.
Hearк once again, for I have more to ſay;
When this Life's ended, there's another day.
Look now about thee, Youth, for there's to come,

The

The black, the dark, and dreadful day of Doom.
When thou dost die, I'll bite and sting thy Soul,
Whilst that in Flames doth burn, and doth condole
Its damned State for yielding unto Sin,
Which has alone the Ruine of it been.
And also when i'th' Judgment-day you stand
Amongst the Goats at Jesus Christ's left Hand,
Thy dreadful State and Trial for to hear,
Then I against thee straightway must appear,
Yea, and shall speak more plain than now I can;
Because I'm clouded by the Fall of Man;
And am by Satan often-times misled,
And utterly unable rendered,
A true and right Decision for to make,
He so beguiles me that I do mistake,
And a wrong Judgment oftentimes retain,
Till Truth sets me into the right again.
But Satan then shall no more Power have,
The Heart of any Man for to deceive.
I in that day shall you provoke and urge,
For to confess with Shame before the Judge,
Thy evil Lust and close Hypocrisie,
Unto thy own eternal Misery.
I shall accuse thee so in that great day,
Thou shalt not have one Word (young Man) to say.
Thy inward parts so open'd then shall be;
That nothing shall be hid i'th' least from me;
And I before the dreadful Judge shall show
All secret things that ever you did do;
And in your Face so fiercely also fly,
That you with Horror shall be forc'd to cry,
Guilty, guilty, O Lord! then thou must hear
The dreadful Sentence, which no one can bear;
Go, go, ye Curst! that's a Word of Ire,
And you must down into eternal Fire.

Where

Where Hypocrites and Unbelievers lie,
Broyling in Pain to all Eternity.
And as the Fire evermore will burn,
And thou from thence shalt never more return:
So also I shall then afflict thy Soul,
Whilst thou in scalding Sulphur Flames dost rowl.
I like a Worm, or Serpent then will bite.
And gnaw thy Soul, thou cursed Hypocrite.
Those inward Stings which always thou wilt find,
Or cruel Gnawings in your torturd Mind,
Will then increase and aggravate thy Woe,
In such a sort there is no Tongue can show.
You then will think how you did me abuse,
And my good Counsel utterly refuse.
And how you labourd to put out my Light,
Who in God's Paths would lead your Feet aright
Your base Delays and Put-offs you'll repent,
And that your time so foolishly was spent:
That you for Love which unto Lust you bore,
Should loose your Soul, and that for evermore,
To think how near you were unto Salvation,
Will prove another grievous Aggravation:
To bid so fair for Heaven, yet to miss;
What greater Trouble can there be than this?
To see the Ship i'th' Mouth o'th Haven lost,
That doth, ye know, perplex the Merchant most.
I'll tell you also how you wilfully
Brought on your self that dreadful Misery:
And how I did oft-times to you declare
The bitter Torments which you then must bear:
And what your Pride and Lust would bring you to,
If you did not resolve to let them go.
Ah! thou wilt see how thou art quite undone;
And how all Hopes for evermore are gone.
Thoughts of those golden Seasons once you had,

And

And vainly lost, will then be very sad. (Grace,
Thou might'st, had'st thou improv'd the Means of
Behold with Saints God's reconciled Face,
And enter'd Paradise, where Angels sing
Anthems of Joy to the eternal King,
Thou might'st have sung to him melodious Psalms
With those whose Hands shall bear triumphant
Who with eternal Love shall ravish'd be, (Palms;
Reigning with Christ to all Eternitie.
Heaven is a Place whose Glory doth excel;
The thousand part of it no Tongue can tell.
Man's Heart, *Truth* says, cannot i'th' least conceive
What those shall have who truly do believe.
Who would lose Christ and his immortal Treasure,
For one base Lust and moments time of Pleasure?
But if what's said of Heaven will not invite thee,
Then let Hell-torments with black vengeance fright
And make thee yield to *Truth* without delays (thee,
Before God puts a Period to thy days.
As Eye can neither see, nor Tongue express
The Glory which God's Saints in Heaven possess;
So there's no Man which can conceive the Woe
That Souls shut up in Hell do undergo.
If Men could number all the Stars of Heaven,
Or count the Dust which with the Wind is driven,
Or tell the Drops of Water in the Seas,
Or count the Sands, then might a Man with Ease
Declare the Nature of that dreadful Pain,
Which damned Souls for evermore sustain.
But Stars, nor Dust, nor Drops, nor Sands can be
Numb'red by any Man, neither can he
Express the Nature of God's dreadful Ire,
Which Souls lie under in eternal Fire.
In Hell all's Darkness, not one Beam of Light;
What's greater Sorrow than eternal Night?

In

In Hell all's Death, and yet there is no dying,
Naught there is heard but a most hideous crying.
Their Pains end not, from it there's no Exemption,
Their Cries admit no Help, there's no Redemption,
Nor none to pity them, nor hear their Groans,
Whilst they do make their lamentable Moans.
The Lord who dy'd, will then rejoice to see,
Vengeance pour'd forth upon those Souls that be
Vessels of Wrath, who for rejecting Grace
Must have their Portion in that doleful place.
No earthly Pain or Torment can declare
The woful Anguish which the Damned bear:
For if those Plagues could be defin'd by Men,
Infinite Punishment 'twould not be then:
Infinite Wrath it is to satisfie;
And God be sure, will Justice magnifie.
Didst thou but hear the Groans and hideous Cry
Of Souls condemned to Eternity,
How would it scare and cause thy Heart to ake,
And ev'ry limb of thee tremble and quake!
Think, think on this, before the time doth come,
That God doth pass on thee thy final Doom.

Truth. (Peace,

What say'st thou now? how can'st thou sleep in
Until these inward Gripes of *Conscience* cease?
How can'st thou think 'th' least thy State is good,
When *Conscience* swells and makes so great a Flood?
Or raises Storms and Tempests in thy Breast?
Because of Sin he will not let thee rest.
Come, make a search, *Conscience* is not misled,
The very Truth before you he has spread.
What will you do at Death and Judgment day,
If *Conscience* thus you slight and disobey?
Make Peace with God, for worser are his Cries,
Than if ten thousand Witnesses should rise

Against

Against thy Soul, 'twill be a dreadful thing
To have thy Conscience then to bite and sting.

Youth.

Some Comfort, *Truth*, alas! my Soul doth melt,
Such Gripes as these what Man has ever felt?
I have some doubt my State is very naught,
And that Conversion is not truly wrought.
My Heart condemns me, and doth me reprove;
'Tis thou alone which can'st my Grief remove.

Truth.

Before you have a Plaister for your sore,
Your Wound must yet be search'd a little more:
If slightly heal'd only for present Ease,
The Remedy's as bad as the Disease. (ceive?
Do'st know what time thou didst this Wound re-
'Tis worser far, I fear, than you believe:
'Tis deep, it stinks, yea, and 'tis venemous:
And doth expose thee to God's dreadful Curse.
The Sting or Dart sticks fast into thy Liver,
Which doth thy Smart and bitter Pains procure.
Thy State is bad, thou hast thy mortal Wound,
No Limb, or any part of thee is sound.
If thou could'st live, and never more offend,
Yet by the Law thy Soul is quite condemn'd.
If from all actual Sin you should be clear,
Yet by the Law you still most guilty are
Of former Crimes, Treason and Felony,
And Justice doth aloud for Vengeance cry,
Nor will she Pardon, or Reprive give forth
To any Sinner living on the Earth:
Against thee too the Sentence is forth gone,
And th' day of Execution doth draw on:
Nought is between thee and eternal Death,
But some short hours of uncertain Breath.
Sin is so vile, and Justice so severe,

That

That in the least 'twould not Christ Jesus spare;
But Justice he might fully satisfy,
Who came to be Man's blest Security.
And since in Christ thou hast no Share nor Part,
See what a self condemned Soul thou art.

Youth.

O cursed Sin! is this my sad Condition,
Truth I believe, hath made a right Decision.
I have my Soul deceived all along,
Tho in my Heart Convictions oft were strong.
O! horrid Lust, and base deceitful Devil,
Is this the Fruit of your sweet pleasing Evil?
And thou false World, what art thou now to me?
For I alas! am ruined by thee.
O whither shall I fly? what Path untrod
For to escape th' incensed Wrath of God?
Will none for me some secret Place provide,
Where I from flaming Vengeance close may hide.

Truth.

Vain is all this, for none can find a Place
To hide from God, such is thy bitter Case.
If to the Ends of all the Earth you fly,
Vengeance will you pursue with Hue and Cry:
If you should take a sudden hasty flight,
To seek some shelter in the shades of Night;
'Twould also fail thee, tho it should be done;
For unto God Darkness and Light is one.
Or, if thou could'st some solid Rock espy,
To hide thee from God's dreadful Majesty.
Can Rocks, do'st think, prevent, yea, or restrain
The stroke of Justice, and not fly in twain?
There is no Sea, nor Shade, nor Rock, nor Cave,
Which can from Vengeance shelter thee or save.
The Sea would part, the hardest Rock will split:
Where Justice aims, her fiery Darts must hit.

Can'st

Can'st thou escape? alas! what Place is there
To hide from him who's present ev'ry where?

Truth.

O *Truth*! what shall I do, how can I stand,
Or bear these Tortures of God's heavy Hand?
My Spirit may Infirmities sustain,
But who can bear this inward cutting Pain?
Is there no Help, no Salve to heal my Wound?
What, no Physician for me to be found?
Will Tears nor Prayers no help at all afford,
Watchings, Fastings, nor hearing of the Word?
Or if that I could live and sin no more,
O what is Sin, and what's my gangrene Sore?
O what's the Nature of Iniquity,
If naught my Soul can cleanse or purify?
Rivers of Oyl, much Gold, or Earthly Wealth,
Will not redeem my Soul, nor purchase Health.
Ah! I am lost! the Cause is truly so,
I am undone, and know not what to do!
Have you no word of Comfort now for me?
O! must I die in this Extremity?

Truth.

Dost find thy self sick at the very Heart?
And doth my Searchings make thy Wounds to smart?
Doth Sin, as Sin, upon thy Spirit lie?
And doth its Weight and Burden make thee cry?
Dost know thy Wound is Epidemical?
And that for thee there is no Help at all
By Law nor Levite? dost thou see thy Loss,
And thy own Righteousness to be but Dross?

Truth.

I know not what to say, I am in Doubt
Some Sin is hid, which yet I can't find out,
My Heart is deep and very traiterous;
Every day I find it worse and worse.

I grieve for Sin, and yet I am in dread
That I in Sin am greatly hardened.
Yet this, O *Truth*, I hope is wrought in me,
Sin I do hate, as 'tis Iniquity.
I would not Christ offend, nor grieve again,
Were there no Hell or Place of future Pain:
O that e're I against the Lord should sin,
Who has to me so good and gracious been!
Against the Lord, against the Lord alone,
Have I this horrid Evil often done.
O! I do see that I in Sin am dead,
And my Iniquity's gone o'er my Head;
As a great Burden which I cannot bear;
O! that I might but of a Saviour hear;
All my own Righteousness I prize no more
Than stinking Refuse of a Common-shore.

Truth.

Come, Youth, chear up, if this be so indeed,
I tell thee then, Christ for thy Soul did bleed.
Glad Tidings now I unto thee do bring.
There's Mercy for thee in the Heav'nly King.
Christ to appease God's Wrath did hither come,
And I am sent by him to call thee home.
Rise up, rise up, his Blood for to apply,
And thou shalt soon be healed perfectly.

Youth.

Ah! could I but believe what thou dost say
Unto my Soul, 'twould be a joyful day.
Alas! on me a mighty Burden lies,
I cannot rise, nor Power have to rise.
Can *Lazarus*, who in the Grave doth lie,
Death's cruel Fetters and strong Bands untie?
Can he awake? what Pow'r has he to strive,
When dead, and stinks? alas! he can't revive,
Altho dead but four days: then how shall I

Who

Who have lay'n dead in my Iniquity
Ever since *Adam* (as it plain appears)
Which is indeed above five thousand Years?
Jehovah which at first my Heart did make,
Must by his Pow'r it into Pieces take;
That so he may create my Heart anew,
E're good from Christ doth to my Soul accrue.
'Tis he must give me Pow'r to will and do,
And raise me up, e're I can creep or go.

Truth.

Tho that be true, yet hearken unto me,
And take the Counsel which I'll give to thee;
And thou shalt find, as sure as God's above,
He will thy Fears and all thy Doubts remove,
And raise thee up out of the empty Pit,
And on a Rock also still set thy Feet.
First thing of all which to you I commend,
Be sure you don't your Conscience more offend,
Do not grieve that, but always take great Care
In ev'ry thing to prove your self sincere.
He that in Morals walks not faithfully,
No marvel 'tis if Christ do pass him by.
In ev'ry Nation those accepted are,
Who walk uprightly, and the Lord do fear!
Those who do follow on to know the Lord,
He will to them his saving Help afford.
I do exhort you in the second Place
For to attend upon all Means of Grace.
Do not neglect to hear God's blessed Word,
But prize each Season which the precious Lord
Is pleas'd in Mercy on you to bestow,
For unto you thereby much Good will flow.
My third Advice make use of speedily,
Lift up your Voice unto the Lord on high;
Pour forth your Soul to him both night and day,

And

And you'll prevail, tho he at first say nay.
Tho you at first may with Repulses meet,
Your Soul yet prostrate at *Jehovah's* Feet;
He's full of Bowels, long he can't refrain
E'er he comes forth to ease you of your Pain.
Thy Pray'rs and Tears, and spiritual Contrition
Will move his Heart to send thee a Physician,
Who will apply a Plaister to thy Wound,
Which will hereafter ever make thee sound:
Christ's Blood will heal, 'twill cleanse and purify
If now thesame by Faith you do apply.
Such Grief is thine, no Medicine will do good,
Nor heal thy Soul, but thy dear Saviour's Blood.
The good *Samaritane* will cast a Look,
Tho thou of Priest and Levite art forsook;
Into thy Wounds he'll pour in Oyl and Wine,
The which will heal that bleeding Soul of thine.
O cry to God my Sister *Grace* to send,
'Tis she at last will prove thy special Friend,
If God is pleased but to send her down,
Thy Head with Glory she will straitway crown.
But here I'll advertise thee first of all,
Be sure you do for the right Sister call:
For there are two, and both of one Sirname,
The one is lovely fair, the other lame,
The one is common, th'other chaste and pure,
And will be true to thee, thou may'st be sure.
The one will dwell where Sin predominates,
The other loaths, and bitterly it hates,
And makes a thorow Change where she doth dwell
And will all Filth out of that Heart expel:
Where she doth take up her sure resting Place;
Rare is the Nature of true saving Grace.
Thy stubborn Will she'll make for to submit,
And thy Affections change as she thinks fit.

Thy

Thy Heart ſhe can new mold, and make it ſoft,
And will bring down each high and ſinful Thought.
The old Man ſhe will into Pieces tear,
She'll cut and kill, and nothing will ſhe ſpare
That's oppoſite unto the Prince of Light,
She'll put the Devil to a ſpeedy Flight;
She'll make him leave his ſtrongeſt Hold, and run,
And quite forſake his former Garriſon.
She'll take no Pity on the old Man's Age,
She'll pay him off for all his Wrath and Rage,
And curſed Malice, Pride, and ev'ry Sin,
Which of long time he has the Author been.
'Tis ſhe can work upon the Covetous,
And change his Heart to keep an open Houſe,
To give and to diſtribute of his Store
To th' cloathing and refreſhing of the Poor.
'Tis ſhe brings down the proud and lofty Mind,
Which nat'rally was to that Vice inclin'd.
'Tis ſhe can tame the wild ſtrong-headed Youth,
And make the Liar always tell the Truth.
'Tis ſhe which makes the froward very meek,
And the revengeful not Revenge to ſeek.
'Tis ſhe which quenches young Mens ſinful Fire,
And makes them to diſdain that baſe Deſire.
'Tis ſhe will make my Soul for to deſie
Each *Dalilah*, and all Hypocriſie.
She's like to Oyl and Wine, and will give Peace
And inward Joy, which never more ſhall ceaſe.
'Tis ſhe muſt put Chriſt's bleſſed Robes on thee,
And bring thy Soul out of Captivity.
'Tis ſhe muſt thee adorn and beautify,
And make thee lovely in Chriſt Jeſus Eye!
O! ſhe'll inflame thy Soul with precious Love
To Chriſt alone, which none ſhall e're remove.
'Tis ſhe which ties that conjugal bleſt Knot,

Which

Which can't be broke, nor ever be forgot.
'Tis she that makes Christ and the Saints but one,
And makes them of his very Flesh and Bone.
'Tis she will help thee in this time of Need,
Yea, a Disciple will make thee indeed.
And this to thee I also must declare,
Thou of this Grace shalt have a Part and Share,
Since 'twas for thee thy precious Lord did die,
He can't thy Soul of saving Grace deny;
Give him no Rest, till more he doth give forth,
For to compleat in thee the second Birth.
Be earnest with him, strive to hold him fast,
And thou, like *Jacob*, wilt prevail at last.
Tho he at first may seem to stop his Ear,
Yet Importunity will make him hear.
Thy time I'm sure it is the time of Love,
And thy deep Wounds will make him from above
To pity thee, and for to cast an Eye,
As thou polluted in thy Blood dost lie:
What e're is needful to thee, he will give,
And raise thee up to Life, and make thee live:
Yea, manifest to thee such Consolation,
As for to clothe thee with his own Salvation:
Come, make a Trial, and do not despair,
Look up to Heaven, Soul, thy Help is there.

Youth.

Thy Counsel I resolve to take with speed,
If 'twas for me Christ on the Cross did bleed;
I will send up a Sigh, a bitter Groan,
And earnestly implore his gracious Throne.
Most holy God, who dwellest in the Light!
Ah! what am I before thee in thy Sight?
Wilt thou attend, or listen to my Cry?
Thou know'st my Grief, and where my Pain doth lie.

Canst

Canst thou not ease my deeply wounded Soul,
Who in my Blood am forc'd to lie and roul?
Is there no Balm in *Gilead*, is there none?
Into dark Silence then, Lord, I'll be gone.
Where are thy Bowels, is thy Mercy fled?
Lord, think upon the Blood Christ Jesus shed;
If thou can't heal my Soul of all its Grief,
Then let me perish without all Relief.
Why were thy Sides pierced? Lord Jesus, why?
Didst suffer for thine own Iniquity?
There was no Sin, I'm sure, nor Guilt in thee
That caus'd thy Pains; didst thou not die for me?
Didst thou not Justice fully satisfie,
And pay the Debt? must I in Prison lie,
When Restitution's made in th' highest Degree?
O! come and set my Soul at Liberty.
Knock off these Bolts and Chains, and bring me forth
Out of this Pit, deep Mire, and Bands of Death.
Lord, must I bleed? did I not bleed before
In thy sad Wounds? can Justice challenge more?
O! shall my Heart-strings break? my Soul doth groan,
I languish, Lord, whilst thou stand'st looking on.
Lord, dost thou hear the Ravens when they cry?
And wilt thou not my present Want supply?
Wilt thou the Door of Mercy ne're unlock?
Lord, Open unto me, now I do knock.
O Son of *David*, help; think on thy Word,
And unto me, some Mercy, Lord, afford.

Jesus.

What Voice is this? who is't that makes this Cry?
What sinful Wretch is in Extremity,
That thus implores for Help, and follows me?
That takes no nay, altho I silent be?

Youth.

Lord, 'tis a poor dejected piece of Earth,
That is undone, and sighs for a new Birth.

Jesus.

Was I not only sent to *Jacob's* Race?
How com'st thou then so have so bold a Face
To importune me, when ye know full well
You are not of the Stock of *Israel*?
Come you not of the cursed *Gentile* Seed?
Be gone from me, and further don't proceed.

Youth.

Ah! help, dear Lord, and some Compassion show,
For to whom else, or whither can I go?

Jesus.

Is't meet that I should give to Dogs that Bread,
With which the Children should be nourished?

Youth.

True, Lord, that I do grant, and ever shall,
Yet may the Dogs eat up those Crumbs which fall
From their own Master's Table: tho a Whelp,
Lord, look on me, O precious Saviour, help.

Jesus.

What ailest thou, poor Soul, what's thy Condition
Which makes thee shed these tears of sad contrition?

Youth.

My Grief, my Pain, and great Extremity,
Lord, thou dost know, and all my Wants dost see.
Ah! I have sinn'd, and am so vile and base,
I hate my self, and loath my present Case.
I am a Lump of Filth, wholly unclean,
A viler Creature there has never been.
I languish, Lord, my Wounds they are not small;
And I have wounded thee, that's worst of all.

Jesus.

Jesus.

Come, cease thy Grief, what is't thou dost desire?
My Soul doth melt, my Heart is set on Fire,
My Bowels yearn, I longer can't refrain
From Tears, as well as thee I am in Pain:
Thy Wounds afflict me, and thy bitter Cry
Doth pierce my Heart, I know thy Misery.
What is it, Soul? speak forth thy Mind to me;
What dost thou crave, or shall I do for thee?
Come, open thy Heart to me, for I am nigh
Thy Suit to grant, thy Wants for to supply.

Youth.

'Tis not for Riches, nor for Pleasures here,
Nor Honours, which by Men so prized are,
Nor length of days, Lord, do I seek or crave,
'Tis something else my Soul doth long to have.
The Earth's a Blast, and all the World's a Bubble;
There's nothing in't can ease me of my Trouble.
Such is my State, nought but thy Hand can save,
'Tis thou must raise dead *Laz'rus* from the Grave.
Knock off these Bolts, and set thy Pris'ner free,
And give thy Grace, Lord Jesus unto me.
My fainting Spirit comfort and refresh,
O spare my Soul, but crucifie the Flesh;
Compleat thy Work, Lord Jesus, on my Heart,
And thy own Righteousness to me impart.
There's nought I see, will do me any good,
Save the dear Merit of thy precious Blood.
My bleeding Soul will faint away and die,
If thou dost not thy Blood with speed apply.
How has my panting Breast sent many Groans
With bitter Tears, up to thy gracious Throne,
For one sweet Look and Aspect of thine Eye?
There's nothing else which will me satisfie:

O! manifeſt thy Love unto my Soul,
For that will cure me, and ſoon make me whole.
My gaſping Soul's diſſolved into Tears,
While pleas'd with Hopes, and yet poſſeſs'd with Fears;
My great Requeſt, alas! is only this,
Come ſeal thy Love to me with a ſweet Kiſs.
For nought is there in Earth nor Heaven above,
Which I eſteem or value like thy Love.
A Promiſe grant, ſome Word to lie upon,
Before my Life and little Hopes are gone.
My Soul's afraid, and trembles thou doſt ſee,
Becauſe I know how I unworthy be:
Ah! I have made thee bleed, I am ſo vile;
Thy Frowns I do deſerve, but not one Smile.
How did I grieve, and put thy Soul to Pain!
The Thoughts of it doth cut my Heart in twain,
Thy Meſſengers how did my Soul refuſe!
And my poor Conſcience wickedly abuſe,
Who did receive Commiſſion from above,
Either to clear, or ſharply to reprove!
I unto *Truth* oft-times turn'd a deaf Ear,
I ſlighted thee, and to Sin did adhere.
And ſo I Satan rather did embrace,
Which ſhames me greatly to look in thy Face;
If thou ſhould'ſt pardon ſuch an one as I,
And ſave my Soul to all Eternity.
And me embrace in a Contract of Love,
And all thy Wrath forever quite remove;
It would be Grace and Love beyond Degree,
And ſuch which never can expreſſed be.
O [illegible] ſpeak again! dear Saviour, do,
A Promiſe, Lord, or I'll not let thee go.

Jeſus.

What Faith haſt thou, poor Soul, canſt thou believe,
And ſtedfaſtly my Benefits receive?

Doſt

Dost think that I have Power and a Heart
To save, to help, and free thee from thy smart?

Mark.

My Faith, alas! is weak, O send Relief,
Lord, I believe, O help my Unbelief!
That precious Voice which I did lately hear,
Will soon remove my Doubts and all my Fear.
If Love as well as Pity thou dost show,
'Twill give me Joy, and take away my Woe.
But thou may'st, Lord, my Soul commiserate,
And yet may it be in a dying State.
Over *Jerusalem* thou didst lament,
Who had no saving Grace for to repent.
Is there in thee such Bowels of Compassion,
As to bestow thy self and thy Salvation
On such a Worm as I, whose wounded Breast
Is heavy loaded, and would fain have Rest?
O help, dear Lord; my fainting Soul will die,
Without an answer from thee speedily.

Jesus.

Look upon me, and see my Love descending,
'Tis from Eternity, and has no ending.
Canst thou have more, dear Soul? thou hast my Heart,
What e're is mine, to thee I will impart.
Thy Scarlet Sins are washed quite away,
Not one of them unto thy Charge I'll lay.
Pull up thy drooping Heart, be of good Cheer,
Thy Sins tho ne'er so great, forgiven are.
I able am to save to th' uttermost
All those who do in me put all their Trust.
Those which do come to me, I in no wise
Will cast them out, therefore lift up thine Eyes:
Behold my Hands and Feet, and do not doubt,
For I have wash'd and cleans'd thy Soul throughout!

Thy Debts I've pay'd, and quitted the old Score,
Thy former Faults I'll ne're remember more.
Enter the Royal Fort, thou hast obtain'd
Fountains of Pleasure, holy Love unstain'd:
Take up thy Lodging in eternal Love:
What's here below? thy Treasure is above.
Chear up, poor Heart, I tell thee thou art mine,
My Blood was shed to save that Soul of thine;
With endless Joys thy Soul I'll satisfie,
And in my Bosom ever shalt thou lie.
In my enfolded Arms I now thee take,
And do engage I'll never thee forsake:
I'th' Fire and in the Water I'll be near,
And help thee through all Grief and Troubles here:
Yea, I'll be with thee always to the end,
And Death at last I'll cause to be thy Friend,
And make its Passage also unto thee
Only an Entrance to Felicity.
Rivers of Pleasures thou shalt have to th' Brim,
Wherein the Prophets and Apostles swim:
And with great Glory thou shalt crowned be,
And on the Throne also sit down with me.
World, Death, nor Devil ever shall remove
My Heart from thee, for those I truly love,
I love to th' end: Ah Soul! 'tis thou shalt lie
In my own Arms to all Eternity.

Truth.

Darkness is gone, Day-light begins to spring,
Heaven's Melody I find's the sweetest thing.
The Sun is risen now, it is broke forth,
And gloriously enlightens my dark Earth.
My Soul is ravish'd with this joyful Sight,
Yea, and dissolv'd with Love and true Delight.
My Heart is melted with celestial Fire,
And has obtain'd at length its own Desire,

My

My frozen Soul must needs run down amain,
Which such hot Beams from Jesus doth obtain:
The Door is open'd, Christ has giv'n a knock
Has made it fly, and has dissolv'd the Rock.
My Heart which was so hard is made to yield,
Christ has o'ercome me now, and won the Field.
The War is ceas'd between the Lord and I,
A Peace is made to all Eternity.
What Joy is this? Ah! 'tis beyond all Measure:
There's nothing like to inward Joy and Pleasure.
As was my Burden, so I find my Rest,
O that was great! and this can't be expresst.
What Heart can taste of these transcendent Joys,
And not account Earth's Pleasures empty Toys.
Such is the Nature of a second Birth,
Makes Heaven on Earth, turns Sorrow into Mirth.
Once was I blind, senseless, bewitch'd, nay mad,
I thought in Christ no Comfort could be had:
Religion was, I thought a foolish thing,
Which could no Pleasure nor no Profit bring.
I thought Professors greatly were misled,
When I beheld what things they suffered:
But I am now convinc'd of my Mistake,
For I my self could, for Christ Jesus sake,
Any Derision or Affliction bear;
Such inward Peace in him, and Joy is there.
What Man would not all earthly Glory slight,
For one small Dram, or taste of such Delight?
To have Christ's Love, and in his Bosom lie;
Yields true Content, and sweet Felicity.
Ah happy I, I live! my Soul's involv'd,
In secret Raptures, sighs to be dissolv'd,
And be with Christ, my Home and resting Place,
For to enjoy and see him Face to Face:
And in the int'rim, Lord, whilst here I stay,

I faithfully will do what thou doſt ſay.
And help me, Lord, thy Praiſe for to declare
Unto all precious Children far and near.
O help me to lift up my Voice on high!
Let joyful *Hallelujahs* pierce the Sky,
And ecoho back again, reſound on Earth,
Since thou haſt wrought in me the ſecond Birth:
Let me with the celeſtial Angels ſing,
And make thy Praiſes round the World to ring!
Thou'ſt brought my Soul out of the loweſt Pit,
And in the Paths of *Sion* ſet my Feet!
Thou haſt from Darkneſs brought me into Light,
And to mine Eyes thou haſt reſtored Sight!
Nay, haſt my Soul ſav'd from eternal Death,
And ſhall not I, thy Praiſes, Lord, ſing forth?
O let my Tongue, my Heart, and Life make known
The Favour, Lord, which to me thou haſt ſhown!
Let me aloft, by thy beſt Grace, aſpire
To ſound thy Praiſe with the celeſtial Quire.
With ſwift-wing'd *Cherubims*, Lord, let me join,
To magnifie that glorious Name of thine.
Let not Remainders of the Fleſh diſturb
My precious Peace that's new: O do thou curb,
Yea, kill and crucifie each evil Thought,
With Vengeance let thoſe Rebels down be brought,
And let me on the Earth live all my days
Unto thy Glory and tranſcendent Praiſe.
And then, great God, when theſe ſhort days are o'er,
With *Seraphims* I'll ſing for evermore.

Truth.

What Melody and Triumph do I hear?
Whoſe Voice is this that ſoundeth in mine Ear?
What Eagle-ey'd Soul's this that ſoars on high,
That with ſweet Wings aloft doth mount and fly;

And

And in eternal Love seems to lie down,
Adorn'd with Grace, and ravish'd with the Crown
Of inward Peace? that taketh up its Rest
At Jesus Christ's sweet satisfying Breast,
And breaking forth in Raptures, can't express,
As he would do, his humble Thankfulness.

Truth.

'Tis I, blest *Truth*, the Conquest now is won,
Grace has prevail'd, I am the conquer'd one:
My Grief is turn'd to Joy, yea, and my Night
Is also chang'd into eternal Light.
Thy Power's great when *Grace* doth work with thee,
Ye soon do then obtain the Victory.
Blest be the day that ever thou wert sent,
To change my Heart, and move me to repent,
Dear Love to thee, O *Truth*, I shall retain
So long as I upon the Earth remain.
I'll keep thee close, and hide thee in my Heart;
For thou more precious than rich Jewels art.
I'll lose my All before I'll part with thee,
So much I love and prize thy Companie.
Tho Satan stirs up Foes never so cruel,
Devils nor Men shall rob me of my Jewel.
I am resolv'd a thousand Deaths to die,
Before I will God's blessed Truth deny.
Tho of Deceivers there's a Multitude,
Yet none of them shall my poor Soul delude:
Tho they do thee reproach, slight and contemn,
I by Experience can refute all them,
Who say thy Words nought but dead Letters are,
Which Men may burn, or into pieces tare:
The outside of the Book they only see,
Who thus do speak reproachfully of thee:
For did they but thy inward Power know,
They'd never speak, as often-times they do:

But soon they would God's written Word extol,
Above that Light which they cry up in all.
The Light which *Conscience* unto me doth give,
I'll always own as long as I do live;
But from God's Word doth its chief Light descend,
Therefore the holy Scriptures I'll commend:
For had we not God's Word to light our Hearts,
The Heathens which do live in forreign Parts,
Who never heard of Christ, might understand
As much as any do in this our Land:
Alas! we should have been unto this day,
In all respects as ignorant as they.
But I'll forbear, because I must with speed
Attend upon God's Truth with Care and Heed,
To hear what he will say; O *Truth*! wilt thou
Concerning me shew forth thy Judgment now;
I do intreat thee prove me thoroughly,
For still I do retain a Jealousy
Over my Heart, because that I have seen
How I deceived often-times have been.

Truth.

Conscience, to thee I must once more descend,
The Controversie thou alone must end:
How is it with him now? what dost thou say?
Hast any thing unto his Charge to lay?
Remember what I formerly have shown,
And let thy present Thoughts with speed be known.

Conscience.

I always ready am Judgment to give,
According to the Light I do receive.
And never was more free than now am I
My Thoughts to shew; your Suit I can't deny.
O Sir! the Case is chang'd; I am his Friend,
His sweet Condition I must needs commend.

Grace

Grace has ſubdu'd Corruption in his Heart,
That he's made clean, and waſh'd in ev'ry Part;
My Teſtimony you may take for Truth,
He's now become a very humble Youth;
He's truly godly, faithful and ſincere,
I do for him, and ſhall my Witneſs bear:
All kind of Evil doth his Soul deſie,
He hates above all things Hypocriſie:
Will and Affections now are changed quite,
That in the Lord alone is his Delight.
There's no Command of Chriſt's, not any one
That he's convinced of, but he has done:
He faithfully alſo the Lord obeys,
Without Excuſes, Puts-off, or Delays,
He grieveth moſt for Sins that ſecret are,
Which unto Men do not i'th' leaſt appear.
He's more in Subſtance than he is in Show,
When high'ſt in Joy, his Heart is very low.
All his own Righteouſneſs he doth diſown,
And does rely on Jeſus Chriſt alone.
Chriſt is become ſo precious in his Sight,
He's firſt with him i'th' Morn, and laſt at Night.
He willingly has taken up the Croſs,
And doth account what e're is his but Droſs;
And parts with it moſt freely, Chriſt to gain,
Since he hath found Earth's beſt Enjoyments vain.
Chriſt he exalts as King i'th' higheſt degree,
And gives each Office its full Dignity.
He uſes me alſo moſt tenderly,
Becauſe he knows that my Authority
Is from above, it is for Jeſus ſake
He ſides with me, and doth reſolve to take
My Part always, what e're he doth ſuſtain,
He'll rather ſuffer than would make me gain.
Chriſt has in me ſet up his bleſſed Throne,

And

And over me no other King he'll own:
Christ must alone in me the Scepter sway,
And he will die before he'll give away
Christ's Right and Sovereignty in his dear Soul,
He is resolv'd to suffer no Controul,
In things alone which to me appertain,
Fear lest thereby Christ's Glory he should stain.

Truth.

O! happy young Man! blessed from above,
Blessed with Grace, and ravish'd with the Love
Of thy eternal Lord, in whose sweet Breast
Thou now dost lie, and evermore shalt rest.
Thy Honour's lasting, now it can't decay,
Thy Treasure's sure, Thieves cannot steal't away:
Thy Pleasures are beyond Thought or Conceit,
And thy rare Beauty is without Deceit.
Thy Strength, thy Wisdom nor thy Youth shall fade,
Nor canst thou die, thou art immortal made.
Eternal Life is given unto thee,
And thou shalt reign to all Eternity.

Visinus.

There's none on Earth is able to express,
The inward Peace this young Man doth possess;
Whilst to his Joy he clearly doth espy,
The blessed Concord, and rare Harmony:
Conscience and *Truth* most sweetly do agree,
He's freed from Bondage and Captivity.
Christ's Spirit doth with *Conscience* witness bear,
He's born of God, and is become an Heir
With his dear Saviour of eternal Bliss:
What Consolation can there be like this?
But whilst thus fill'd with Joy and true Delight,
The Devil falls on him with all his Might;
With strong Assaults, his Faith for to destroy,
Which much abates, and mitigates his Joy:

But

But Satan failing in his Enterprise
In one respect, another way he tries;
And with malicious Threats he breaketh forth,
Spitting his Venom and his hellish Wrath,
Which in some measure may to you appear,
By what immediately doth follow here.

Devil.

Hark, hark, thou cursed Wretch, Vengeance is mine;
And I'll repay't upon that Soul of thine,
In dreadful Wrath I will contend with thee,
If thou wilt not again submit to me;
Will not my shining Glory thee invite,
Nor all my Agents fell thy Soul affright
To leave those cursed Ways in which you go?
Then I'll some way contrive your Overthrow,
Tho out of your Dominions I am beat,
And forced am at present to retreat;
Yet I'll return like to a Lion strong,
And break thy Bones in pieces e're be long.

Youth.

Father of Lies, dost think I dread thy Frown?
'Tis past thy Skill to throw my Glory down;
Thy Head is broke, thou art a beaten Foe,
And chained up; alas! thou canst not do
According to thy Wrath and cursed Spight,
Christ's Power is mine, who stronger is than Might;
Me he'll not leave, tho tempted am by thee,
Yet he knows how to help and succour me.
What matter is't altho thou art inraged,
When the great Pow'r of Heaven is engaged
To side with me always, and take my part?
Tho thou a Lion and a Serpent art,
Yet may'st as soon the Lord of Life o'ercome,
As to produce or work my final Doom.

So

So long as I do for his Glory ſtand,
And am obedient to his beſt Command.

Devil.

But I have ſo much Craft and Subtilty,
That I can make the Lord thine Enemy:
Tho thou doſt think he is become thy Friend,
I'll by Temptation move thee to offend
Him e're't be long; and ſoon you will eſpy
In's Anger you he'll caſt off utterly:
And then I'll tear and rend you as I liſt;
And you ſhall have no Power to reſiſt.

Youth.

God has beſtow'd on me his precious Grace,
That I abhor the Thoughts of giving place
To thee, O Satan, tho thou doſt entice,
God will preſerve my Soul from deadly Vice:
But if through Weakneſs him I ſhould offend,
In Bowels he'll to me his Pardon ſend.
Chriſt is my Advocate, God will paſs by
All Sins of Weakneſs and Infirmity:
Altho he uſe the Rod, his precious Love
I'm ſure from me he never will remove.

Devil.

Your Hopes will fail, alas! black Clouds will hide
Your glorious Sun, your Steps will quickly ſlide:
Your Morning's bright; but ſoon 'twill overcaſt,
And all your Joy will ſcarce a Moment laſt.
Tho *Truth* doth now thy preſent State commend,
Yet you will find the Proverb true i'th' End.
That the young Saint will an old Devil be:
You'll die and periſh in Apoſtaſie.

Youth.

Thou haſt loſt thy former happy State,
With Malice thou ſtir'ſt up thy bitter Hate

Againſt

Againſt my Soul, thou ſheweſt thy wicked Spight,
But thy vile Teeth are broke, thou canſt not bite.
Thou doſt on me caſt forth an envious Frown,
Becauſe thou haſt for ever loſt thy Crown.
Becauſe thy Morning's turned into Night,
Doſt think thou ſhalt my Soul amaze and fright
With ſuch inſnared Thoughts? I thee defie;
Nothing can break that bleſſed Band and Tie,
Or Covenant which Chriſt with me has made,
My ſtanding's firm, my Crown can never fade.
He that has in my Soul this Work begun
Will finiſh it I'm ſure, e're he has done.
There's ne're a Lamb or Sheep of his dear Fold,
But he will keep, he has of them ſuch hold,
That in the midſt of Danger they ſhall ſtand;
And none ſhall pluck them out of his ſtrong Hand.
They by his Pow'r are kept in ev'ry Nation,
Till they are ſafely brought unto Salvation.
Upon the Rock of Ages I am plac'd,
And my Foundation never can be raz'd;
Tho Mountains ſhould depart, and Hills remove
Yet Chriſt will never change in his dear Love,
Nor cauſe his Covenant of his laſting Peace
To be remov'd, nor his ſweet Mercy ceaſe,
The *Truth* and *Conſcience* both joyntly agree,
That the new Birth is truly wrought in me.
Th' immortal Seed I'm ſure, muſt needs bring forth
A Babe immortal, and my heavenly Birth
Doth ſhew to all, and clearly ſignifie,
I cannot periſh in Apoſtaſie.
The Head and Members of one Nature are,
Or elſe Chriſt's Body a ſtrange Monſter were!
As ſure as he's in Heaven, ſo ſhall I,
And reign with him to all Eternity.

Devil,

Devil.

My Words I see no Place at all can find
Within the Center of thy evil Mind:
I'll leave thee therefore with my dreadful Curse,
Which is as bad as Hell, nay it is worse
Than all the Plagues of the infernal Lake,
And let all those who love me, Vengeance take
Upon so vile a Wretch: and tho I do
Forsake thee now, within a day or two
I'll come again, and will thy Soul torment,
Till thou of thy Repentance shall repent.

Youth.

O Lord, I praise thee for that glorious Pow'r,
Which help my Soul in such a needful hour
Of strong Assaults from the vile wicked one;
Thou help'st me to resist him, and he's gone,
Therefore, dear God, be pleased to Inflame
My Heart with Grace to magnify thy Name:
And when he comes again, O then be near,
And let thy Truth also for me appear:
Tho I am young and weak, I shall thereby
Not fear th' Assaults of any Enemy.
Come, speak, O Truth! wilt thou be on my Side,
'Tis in thy Strength I very much confide:
Tho I am feeble, thou art mighty strong;
And whilst for me, there's none can do me wrong.

Truth.

I will, dear Soul, support thee whilst on Earth,
And save thee from the Rage of Hell and Death:
I will assist thee by a mighty Arm,
And keep thee day and night from Hurt and Harm.
And with my glitt'ring Sword cut down and slay
All curst Enemies who thee gain-say.

Grace,

Grace.

If *Truth* should fail, I will thy Wants supply,
Thou need'st not doubt of my Sufficiency;
Light I will be in Darkness, Joy in Grief,
And when in Trouble great, I'll bring Relief.
If always thou dost on my Arm rely
The Devil will be forc'd with speed to fly.
Never on me did any Soul depend,
But they obtain'd Deliv'rance in the End.
I'll help thy Soul through all its Christian Strife,
And bring thee safe to everlasting Life.

Conscience.

I'll be the third that will lend thee an Hand,
We'll all combine to make a tripple Band.
A threefold Cord can't easily broken be,
I'll be a Friend in thine Adversitie.
There's not a Foe on Earth thou need'st to fear,
So long as I for thee my Witness bear.
That thou in Truth dost walk before the Lord,
And that thy Ways do with his Word accord,
The evil Foe shall be ashamed quite,
Whilst faithfully thou walk'st up to thy Light;
And Satan never can get any ground,
Whilst I declare thy Heart is truly sound.
Chear up, poor Soul, I'll feast thee constantly,
And plead for thee before the Enemy:
My sweetest Wine also I'll keep to th' End,
At Death I will thy Soul with that befriend.
God's Word that is thy ground in ev'ry thing,
His Glory is thy Aim, from thence doth spring
All Service thou dost do towards the Lord,
His Spirit therefore to thee he'll afford,
That doth bear witness for thee, so do I,
And will also when thou dost come to dy.

The young Man's experiencing Converſion truly wrought in his Soul, and that he's delivered from the Power of the Tempter, breaks forth into theſe following Hymns *of Prayer and Praiſes to God.*

A Myſtical Hymn of Thankſgiving.

MY Soul mounts up with Eagles Wings,
And unto thee, dear God, ſhe ſings,
Since thou art on my Side,
My Enemies are forc'd to fly,
As ſoon as they do thee eſpy;
Thy Name be glorify'd.

Thou makeſt rich by making poor:
By Poverty add'ſt to my Store;
Such Grace doſt thou provide;
Thou wound'ſt as well as thou mak'ſt whole,
And heal'ſt by wounding of the Soul;
Thy Name be glorify'd.

Thou mak'ſt Men blind by giving Sight,
And turn'ſt their Darkneſs into Light:
Theſe things can't be deny'd:
Thou cloth'ſt the Soul by making bare,
And giveſt Food when none is there;
Thy Name be glorify'd.

Thou killeſt by making alive,
By dying doſt the Soul revive,
Which none can do beſide;
Thou doſt raiſe up by pulling down,
And by abaſing thou doſt Crown,
Thy Name be glorify'd.

By

By making bitter thou mak'ſt ſweet,
And mak'ſt each crooked thing to meet,
I'th' Soul which thou haſt try'd:
The fruitleſs Tree thou mak'ſt to grow,
And the green Tree doſt overthrow;
Thy Name be glorify'd.
The conquered the Conqueſt gains;
By being beat, the Field obtains,
Which makes me therefore cry,
Lord, while I live upon the Earth,
Since thou haſt wrought the ſecond Birth,
Thy Name be glorify'd.
Thou mak'ſt Men wiſe, by coming Fools,
By emptying thou fill'ſt their Souls,
Such Grace doſt thou provide:
By making weary thou giv'ſt Reſt;
That which ſeem'd worſt, proves for the beſt,
Thy Name be glorify'd.
Thou art far off, and alſo near,
And not confin'd, but ev'ry where,
And on the Clouds doſt ride.
O! thou art Love, and alſo Light;
There's none can go out of thy Sight;
Thy Name be glorify'd.
Lord, thou art great and alſo good,
And ſit'ſt upon thy mighty Flood,
By whom all Hearts are try'd;
Tho thou art Three, yet art but One,
And comprehended art of none:
Thy Name be glorify'd.

The Excellency of Peace of Conſcience.

MY *Conſcience* is become my Friend,
And chearfully doth ſpeak to me,

And

And I will to his Motions bend,
Altho that I reproached be:
I matter not who doth revile
Since *Conscience* in my Face doth smile.
My *Conscience* now doth give me Rest,
My Burden's gone, my Soul is free;
Again I would not be oppreſt
In the old Bands of Miſery.
For Kingdoms, nor for Crowns of Gold,
Nor any thing which can be told.
My *Conſcience* doth with precious Food
Feed my poor Soul continually;
Its Dainties alſo are ſo good,
All ſinful Sweets I do defy:
This Banquet's laſting, 'twill ſupply
My Wants, and feaſt me till I die.
My *Conſcience* doth me chearful make,
When I am much poſſeſt with Grief;
And when I ſuffer for its ſake,
'Twill yield me Joy and ſweet Relief:
The Troubles riſe, and much increaſe,
I in my *Conſcience* ſhall have Peace.
When others to the Mountains fly,
And ſore amaz'd do trembling ſtand;
A Place of Shelter there have I,
And *Conſcience* will lend me its Hand
To lock me in the Chambers faſt,
Till th' Indignation's overpaſt.
At Death, and in the Judgment day
What would Men give for ſuch a Friend?
All thoſe which do him diſobey,
They'll it repent I'm ſure i'th' End;
When ſuch are forc'd to howl and cry;
My Soul ſhall ſing continually.

An

An Hymn on the six Principles of Christ's Doctrine.
Hebrews 6. 1, 2.

REpentance is wrought in my Soul,
And Faith for to believe:
Whereby on Jesus I do roul,
And truly him receive
As my Dread Lord and Sovereign,
Him always to obey;
And in things over me to reign,
And govern night and day.
Christ's Baptism is very sweet,
With laying on of Hands:
My Soul is brought to Jesus Feet
In owning his Commands.
Those Ordinances Men oppose:
And count as carnal things;
I have clos'd with, and tell't to those,
from them rare Comfort springs.
My precious Lord I must obey,
Tho Men reproach me still;
I'll do what ever Christ doth say,
And yield unto his Will.
On Christ alone I do rely,
Tho Men judge otherwise;
Because I can't God's Truth deny,
I am reproach'd with Lies.
Let them deride, yet for Christ's sake
Resolved now am I
In his own Streng.h the Cross to take,
Yea, and for him to die,
Before I'll ever turn my Back
On him whom I do love;
For I do know I shall not lack
His Presence from above.

For

For he has promis'd to the End,
To me he will be near;
And be to me a faithful Friend,
Which makes me not to fear.
What ever Men or Devils do
in secret Place design,
He soon can them quite overthrow,
And help this Soul of mine.
The Resurrection of the Dead
I constantly maintain;
When all those which lie buried,
Shall rise to Life again.
And that the Judgment-day will come,
When Christ upon the Throne
Shall pass a black eternal Doom,
Upon each wicked one.
But all the Saints then joyfully
With Bowels he'll embrace,
And Crowns to all Eternity
Upon their Heads he'll place,
And in the Kingdom shall they reign,
Prepared long before,
And also shall with Christ remain,
In Bless for evermore.

A Spiritual Hymn.

THe Sun doth now begin to shine,
And breaketh forth yet more and more,
Meer Darkness was that Light of mine,
Which I commended heretofore.
I was involved in my Sin,
Had Day without, but Night within.
My former days I did compare
Unto the sweet and lovely Spring,
I thought that time it was as rare,

As when the chirping Birds do ſing:
But I was blind, I now do ſee
There was no Spring nor Light in me.
My Spring it was the Winter-time,
Yet like the midſt of cold *December*;
The Sun was gone out of my Clime,
And alſo I do now remember
My Heart was cold as any Stone;
My Leaves were off, my Sap was gone.
God is a Sun, a Shield alſo,
The Glory of the World is he;
True Light alone from him doth flow,
And he has now enlightned me:
The Sun doth his ſweet Beams diſplay,
Like to the dawning of the Day.
How precious is't to ſee the Sun,
When in the Morning it doth riſe,
And ſhineth in our Horizon,
To th' clearing of the cloudy Skies!
The miſty Fogs by his ſtrong Light
Are vaniſht quite out of our Sight.
Thus doth the Lord in my poor Heart,
By his ſtrong Beams and glorious Rays,
The Light from Darkneſs clearly part,
And makes in me clear ſhining days.
Tho Fogs appear, and Clouds do riſe,
He doth expel them from mine Eyes.
Were there no glorious Lamp above,
What dark Confuſion would be here,
If God ſhould quite the Sun remove,
How would the Seamen do to ſteer?
My Soul's the World, and Chriſt's the Sun
If he ſhines not, I am undone.
In Winter things hang down their Head,
Until *Sol*'s Beams do them revive;

So I in Sin lay buried,
Till Jesus Christ made me alive:
Alas! my Heart was Ice and Snow,
Till Sun did shine, and Winds did blow.
Until warm Gales of Heav'nly Wind
Did sweetly blow, and Sun did dart
Its Light on me, I could not find
No Heat within my ioward Part;
Then blow thou Wind, and shine thou Sun,
To make my Soul a lively one.
In nat'ral Men there is a Light,
Which for their Sins doth them reprove;
And yet are they but in the Night,
And not renewed from above:
The Moon is given, it is clear,
To guide Men who in darkness are.
The Sun for Brightness doth exceed
The Stars of Heaven, or the Moon;
Of them there is but little need,
When Sun doth shine towards high Noon,
Just so the Gospel doth excel
The Law God gave to *Israel*.
All those who do the Gospel slight,
And rather have a Legal Guide;
The Sun's not risen in their Sight,
And therefore 'tis that they deride
Those who commend the Gospel-Sun
Above the Light in ev'ry one.
Degrees of Light do they perceive
Some of them weak, and others strong;
That which is saving, none receive
But those who unto Christ belong:
Yet doth each Light serve for the End,
For which to Man God did it send.

Divine Breathings.

A Hymn.

LEt not the Sun eclipſed be,
Nor any dark Cloud interpoſe
Between thy ſelf, dear Chriſt, and me,
Who art that bleſſed *Sharon's* Roſe:
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since thou by choice haſt made me thine:
Always let me walk in the Light,
Till Grace doth me with Glory crown:
Turn not my Morning into Night,
Nor ever let my Sun go down:
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since by dear Purchaſe I am thine.
Let not thick Fogs, O Lord, ariſe
From the groſs Lump of inward Earth,
To th' hiding of the glorious Skies,
The Thoughts of that's as bad as Death:
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since by Adoption I am thine.
Lord, let my Morning be more bright,
And my Sun-ſhine to the perfect day.
And let mine Eyes have ſtronger Sight,
That I behold its Glory may.
O let thy Face upon me ſhine;
Since God by Gift has made me thine.
Lord, ſhine, and make my Heart more ſoft,
And temper it, the Seal to take;
Make it according as it ought,
Lord, do it for thy own Names ſake:

O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since by ſweet Contract I am thine.
The Light of thy dear Countenance,
It is the thing I only prize;
Let not therefore mine Ignorance
Darken the Light of my dim Eyes,
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
Since I by Faith am wholly thine.
O be my Strength, my Light, my Guide,
Always until I come to thee;
And from thy Paths ne'er let me ſlide,
But light me to Eternity,
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
For I my ſelf to thee reſign.
There's many, Lord, who daily cry,
O! *who will ſhew us any good?*
'Tis in thy ſelf, Lord, it doth lie,
Altho by few 'tis underſtood:
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
For I by Conqueſt now am thine.
Lord, in the Light I thee enjoy,
And with thy Saints Communion have,
No Devil can that Soul deſtroy,
Whom thou intendeſt for to ſave:
O let thy Face upon me ſhine,
For I can't ſay, Lord, thou art mine.
Let not the Sun only appear,
For to enlighten my dark Heart,
But to poor Souls both far and near,
The ſelf ſame Glory, Lord, impart:
O let thy Face upon them ſhine,
As it doth now, dear God, on mine.
Let Light and Glory ſo break forth,
And Darkneſs fly and quite be gone,
That all thy Saints upon the Earth

May in the Truth be join'd in one:
O let thy Face so brightly shine
As to discover who are thine.
Let Grace and Knowledge now abound,
And the bright Gospel shine so clear,
That it *Rome*'s Harlot may confound,
And Popish Darkness quite cashier:
O let thy Face on *Sion* shine,
But plague those cursed Foes of thine.
Let *France*, dark *Spain*, and *Italy*,
Thy Light and Glory, Lord, behold:
To each adjacent Countrey
Do thou the Gospel plain unfold:
O let thy Face upon them shine,
That all these Nations may be thine.
Let *Christendom* new christ'ned be,
And unto thee, O let them turn,
And be baptiz'd, O Christ, by thee
With th'Spirit of the holy One:
O let thy Face upon it shine,
That *Christendom* may all be thine.
And carry on thy glorious Work
Victoriously in every Land;
Let *Tartars* and the mighty *Turk*
Subject themselves to thy Command:
O let thy Face upon them shine,
That those blind People may be thine.
And let thy Brightness also go
To *Asia* and to *Africa*,
Let *Egypt* and *Assyria* too
Submit unto thy blessed Law:
O let thy Face upon them shine,
That those dark Regions may be thine.
Nay, precious God, let Light extend
To *China*, and *East-India*;

To thee let let all People bend,
Who live in wild *America*:
O let thy bleſſed Goſpel ſhine,
That the blind Heathens may be thine.
Send forth thy Light like to the Morn
Moſt ſwiftly, Lord, O let it fly
From *Cancer* unto *Capricorn*:
That all dark Nations may eſpy
Thy glorious Face on them to ſhine,
And they in Chriſt for to be thine.
The Fulneſs of the *Gentiles*, Lord,
Bring in with ſpeed, O let them fear
Thy Name in Truth, with one accord,
Live they far off, or live they near,
O let thy Face upon them ſhine:
And let us know, Lord, who are thine.
And let alſo the glorious News
Of thy Salvation, yield Relief
Unto the ſad diſtreſſed *Jews*,
Who hardened are in Unbelief:
O let thy Face upon them ſhine,
For *Abraham*'s ſake that Friend of thine.
O don't forget poor *Iſrael*,
But let thy Light and glorious Rays
Cauſe their rare Beauty to excel,
Beyond what 'twas in former days:
O cauſe thy Face ſweetly to ſhine,
That *Jews* and *Gentiles* may be thine.
O let all Kingdoms now with ſpeed,
And all the Nations under Heaven,
From all groſs Darkneſs quite be freed,
And Power to thy Saints be given,
That they in Glory, Lord, may ſhine
According to that Word of thine.

A N

AN APPENDIX,

Containing a Dialogue between an Old *Apostate*, and a Young *Professor*

Apostate.

HOw many Straits and Crosses have I met
Since I my self to seek for *Canaan* set!
Red Seas and Wildernesses lie between;
Why venture I for what I ne're have seen?
Why can I not where now I am remain?
Or to my old Delights turn back again?
My Head has been perplex'd with Cares and Fears,
Since to these Preachers I inclin'd mine Ears.
They were but Fancies that disturb'd my Mind,
I sought for something which I could not find.
Would God in *Egypt* I had still remain'd,
For there's no *Canaan* likely to be gain'd.
Conscience, be silent, don't disturb me more,
Upon such things I will no longer pore;
For back to *Egypt* I will now retire,
Where I shall have things to my Heart's Desire.

Devil.

Purſue thy Purpoſe, thou ſhalt underſtand,
What e're I have ſhall be at thy Command:
My Kingdom's great, this World is wholly mine,
Bow down to me, and all ſhall then be thine.
Afraid I was I ſhould have loſt thee quite, (Sight:
There's nought like that which here's now in thy
Behold the Bags of Gold which thou ſhalt have,
Honours on Earth, Riches and Pleaſures brave:
When others forc'd in Priſon are to lie;
Thou ſhalt enjoy thy precious Liberty.
When Kings and Princes do upon them frown,
Thou ſhalt be held in Honour and Renown.
Thou haſt much Goods laid up for many Years;
And long ſhalt live free from all Cares and Fears.
Thy Seed eſtabliſh'd too ſhall be on Earth,
And thou ſhalt ſpend thy days in Joy and Mirth.
Thoughts of Religion utterly diſdain,
Nor think of God, or Jeſus Chriſt again,
Phanatick Fables never more regard,
The Pains of Hell of which thou oft haſt heard,
Are nought ſave Fictions of their crafty Head,
With Fear of nothing are they frightened,
That mad Men like, they do tread under Feet
Thoſe lovely Joys which wiſe Men find moſt ſweet.
Religion's nought but a deviſed thing,
Which up at firſt ſome crafty Head did bring
To awe the Minds of Fools, who wanting Wit,
Take that for Gold that's a meer Counterfeit.
The Truth of th' Scripture thou haſt cauſe to doubt,
For divers places thou may'ſt ſoon find out
Which inconſiſtent to each other be,
Of what it ſpeaks there is no Certainty.
Conclude in Truth there is no God at all,
Why ſhould'ſt thou be ſo fooliſh as to call

On

On him, whom thou did'st never see or know,
Unless it's thus, because thou must do so?
Let Melancholy Fancies now therefore
Ne'er vex thy Mind, nor grieve thee any more;
Enjoy thy self on Earth, and heap up Gold,
No good like that which Purse and Bags do hold.
Come eat and drink, to morrow thou must die,
And afterwards there's no Eternity,
As some suppose, for thou i'th' Grave shalt rot,
And as the Beast be utterly forgot:
But since you know it is Reproach to them,
Who all Religion utterly contemn,
Thou may'st religious also seem to be,
For there is none that's very fit for thee.
Melodious Sounds, sweet Mirth, and Musick rare,
Do much affect the Heart, and charm the Ear.
No Worship on the Earth doth suit so well
With Flesh or Blood, or doth for Ease excel,
Or with Man's Int'rest doth so well agree,
Like what's maintain'd in famous *Italy*.
That, that's the Worship which for thee I pick,
I'm not against thy turning Catholick:
If there's a Heaven, of this thou need'st not doubt,
An easier way for thee I can't find out.
The Way's so broad, whole Nations walk therein,
And Persons of all sorts, no Let is Sin.
Wer't thou at *Rome*, thou'lt hear melodious Sounds
Sweet Joy and Mirth on every side abounds:
Fine Boys and Men ravishing Notes do sing,
Whil'st Organs play in Consort, and Bells ring:
In that brave way thou'lt have thy Liberty
To do such things as others do deny.
Thou may'st be mad, carouse and domineer,
Strict *Roman Catholicks* such things can bear. (curse,
If thou dost, swear, drink Healths, yea, or should'st

There's few i'th' Church would like thee e're the worse.
Or if thou should'st some curious Lady spy
Or view some pretty Maid with wanton Eye,
To court or play with her thou need'st not fear,
For venial Sins, alas! all such things are;
And one great Help and Remedy thou'lt have,
Which from all Grief and Danger will thee save;
If it fall out by chance at any time (Crime,
Thou should'st commit some great and hainous
There is straightway the blessed Absolution,
A present Help, and yet no Superstition.
For a small Sum of Money soon is had
A Pardon for all Sins, tho ne'er so bad
His Holiness for a few Shillings can
Murder and Perjury forgive to Man;
Nay unto thee can grant a Dispensation
To kill and murder any in a Nation,
Who us and th' holy Church hate and oppose;
Come trouble not thy self, but straightway close
With this fam'd *Church to whom such Power's given*
To open and shut with Ease the Gates of Heaven.
And make that Sin to day which ne'er was Sin,
And that lawful, which lawful ne're has been.
Come buy the Beads and Crucifix also,
And as the Church believe, believe thou too.
For this I hope to see e're a few days
Some thousands more cleaving to these old Ways,
And thou wilt not such an Advantage gain,
As now thou may'st with ease I'm sure obtain;
And since in Kindness and Affection dear,
I've shew'd thee how to be preferred here,
And do ingage thy faithful Friend to be;
There's some small thing I'd have thee do for me.
Speak evil of the Way thou late wast in;
Belie them all, and charge them too with Sin.

Their

Their Faults lay open, let nought at all be hid,
Revile, Reproach, and Slander in my stead;
Shew how they differ, that they can't agree,
There's little Love, and want of Charity.
Of *Canaan*-Land raise thou an ill Report,
To turn them back who are a-going for't;
One thing at present I would have thee do,
There is a Friend of mine which thou dost know.
Who hath a Son, which is indeed his Heir,
That to these foolish Notions doth adhere,
If he should visit thee with speed do thou
Treat with the peevish Youth, I'll teach thee how
To controvert the Cause, my Place supply,
And do what I could not do formerly.
His forward Zeal will do my Kingdom wrong,
Cause others also in that way to throng.
And you shall also some Derision bear
Through his hot Zeal, if that you han't a Care.

Vicinus.

The Thoughts which Satan darts into his Mind,
He closes with, and fully is inclin'd
His Counsel for to take, what e're become
Of his poor Soul at the great day of Doom,
An Atheist he's become in Heart and Life,
And hath abandon'd all his Christian Strife.
He's ready now, and fit for any Evil,
An Instrument prepared for the Devil.
But since the Gentleman and he are met,
I will give way, and hearken how they treat
About this Youth, that has of late begun
Resolvedly to Heaven for to run.
You'll hear how this Apostate will ingage
To turn him from his blessed Pilgrimage.

Apostate.

What my old Friend, *E. R.* Sir, I am glad
To see you once again, yet I am sad,
And grieved sure to see you look so ill;
What evil, Sir, I pray, has you befel?
What is the Cause of this your present Grief?
If I can give or help you to Relief,
Or comfort you i'th' least; I willing am,
And will rejoice also I hither came.

Gent.

Ah Sir! my Son, my Heir, doth grieve my Mind,
He from whom I most Comfort hop'd to find,
Contrariwise will prove a Plague to me,
Unless he can with speed recover'd be.
He'll be a Preacher I do think e're long,
He's such a Bookish Fool, and so head-strong,
That I have little Hopes he'll e're be good;
Here's Cause of Grief if rightly understood.
He is become such a vile Heretick,
That *Rome*'s good Church, and the true Catholick
Most vilely I perceive he doth disdain,
And doth forsooth tell me he's born again.
I do beseech you, Sir, do what you can,
If you can't change his Mind, there's not a Man
I think, in Truth, that ever will prevail,
O arm your self therefore, and try your Skill;
If you can turn him from these Ways, then I
Shall be ingag'd to you until I die.
You were deceiv'd your self some time ago,
And therefore now more able are to shew
The Vanity of these devised Ways,
And Bookish Fables of these silly days:
Having the Scripture in our Mother-Tongue

Has

Has been the Ruine of us along:
For, since Men did our holy Church forsake,
And up new Notions of Religion take,
Nought but Confusion in the World we see,
And otherwise, in Truth, 'twill never be
Until their Books with Fire all do burn,
And they unto the antient Church do turn,

Apostate.

I am, good Sir, of that Opinion too,
And sorry am to hear what now you do
Relate to me, and will also in Truth
Do what I can to turn that silly Youth;
For I can shew and make him understand
The Danger that attends on ev'ry hand.
The Hopes of unseen things will him deceive,
And Faith's but a meer Fancy I believe:
That's the chief Good which Man doth here enjoy,
And that's the Evil which doth him annoy,
Or doth deprive him of this Joy and Bliss,
None but Phanaticks will deny me this;
Who boast of that they never did possess;
They lie, alas! and are in Truth, no less
Than frantick Fools, for I could never see
Of what they speak there's any Certainty.
I will therefore endeavour out of Love,
Your Son from these Delusions to remove:
And since I do perceive he's near at hand,
I'll take my Leave,

Your Servant to Command.

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

Attend kind Friend, read with a ſeriouss Eye,
And thou ſhalt a ſharp Conflict ſoon eſpy
Between a Man quite void of godly Fear,
And a dear Youth moſt holy and ſincere.
The one affirms all Godlineſs is vain,
The other counts it for the greateſt Gain.
Mark thou the end of both, and thou ſhalt ſee
What's beſt to chuſe, Grace or Iniquity.

Apoſtate.

Well met, good Sir, from whence pray did you come?

Profeſſor.

I am a Stranger, and am trav'ling Home.

Apoſtate.

Are you a Stranger in this Countrey?

Profeſſor.

Yea, as were all our Fathers formerly.

Apoſtate.

But from whence came ye? let's confer together.

Profeſſor.

From Egypt, Sir. *Apoſt.* I am trav'ling thither.

Apoſtate.

Apostate.

What is your Business, Sir, that thus in Pain
You strive against the Wind with Might and Main?
E're further you do go, sit down, account,
See whether that you run for, will surmount
The Labour great, and loss you will sustain,
Before the Prize in Truth ye do obtain.
What Place is it to which you think to go,
That to advise you I may fully know.
For good Instruction to you I'll afford,
When I this thing from you have plainly heard.

Professor.

I am for *Canaan* that most holy Land,
I'll travel thither as God doth command;
Whose Worth and Value I do know full well,
For Riches it doth far all things excel.
And tho all things I lose e're I come there,
'Twill all my Losses I am sure repair.
The Worth of that therefore for which I run,
I did account before I first begun.

Apostate,

Know you of certain the Place is so fair?
You may mistake, for you were never there.

Professor.

Ah Sir! of it I have a glorious Sight,
Which doth my Soul transcendently delight;
Altho in Person there I ne'er have been,
Yet I most plain sweet *Canaan* oft have seen:
Besides, I lately spoke with a dear Friend,
Who did the other day from thence descend;

And

And unto me its Glory he did show;
Its precious Worth from him I came to know:
Some of its Fruits also to me he gave,
Which makes me long till I Possession have.

Apostate.

Is't not the Fancy of thy crasy Head?
I have likewise of such a *Canaan* read;
It may be so, or so it may not be,
It ne'er seem'd truly real unto me.
Who would for things which so uncertain are,
Such Losses suffer, and such Labour bear,
A Bird i'th Hand's worth two i'th' Bush ye know;
This Zeal, poor Lad, will work thy Overthrow.

Professor.

You vainly talk, and live by Sight and Sense,
I walk by Faith, which is the Evidence
Of things not seen here with an outward Eye,
What thou seest not, I clearly do espy.
'Tis not the Fancy of a crasy Brain,
For *Moses*, that its Glory he might gain,
All *Egypt*'s Treasures quickly did forego,
Was that the Way unto his Overthrow?
No, no, dear Sir, he saw it was the Way
To Peace and Honour in another day:
The Glory real did his Soul behold,
To be so great, that never can be told.
If thou had'st drunk but of its glorious Springs,
Thou would'st it prize above all Earthly things.
If thou had'st tasted but of *Canaan*'s Honey,
Thou would'st esteem it more than Bags of Money.
Altho' I make, alas! a poor Profession,
Yet I have now something in my Possession,
Lock'd up most safe in my refreshed Breast,
More rare than Pearls within a golden Chest.

True peace of Conscience, that through Grace I have,
Which passeth all Mens Knowledge to conceive,
I would of it not be depriv'd again,
If that I might ten thousand Worlds obtain.

Apostate.

Tush, silly Fool, kick Conscience quite away,
Ne'er mind his Motions, nor what he doth say.
I stifl'd him, and that a good while since,
And took Revenge for his proud Insolence.
His gasping Groans I no ways did regard,
But let my Heart against him grow so hard,
That I do judge I have his Business done:
He's dead in Truth, and to dark Silence gone;
That now I can without the least Controul,
Have any Pleasures which delight my Soul.

Professor.

Ah Sir! go on, if that's the Choice you make,
I never will such cursed Counsel take.
Who ever doth his Conscience so abuse,
Doth his dear Maker in like manner use;
And tho in you poor Conscience now lies slain,
I' th' Judgment day he will revive again,
And then against you his sad witness bear,
And in your Face most ghastfully will stare;
You'll have the worst at last, I grieve to see
You hardened thus in your Iniquity.

Apostate.

My Sorrow's gone, but thine alas! will double,
Concerning me thy self do thou not trouble.
The Storms and blustring Winds are overpast,
And very safe I am arriv'd at last,
In that same Port where Princes do delight
For to repose and harbour Day and Night.

Tos'd

Toss'd I have been upon the boysterous Seas,
And till of late ne'er could find Rest nor Ease.
But now I'm safely landed, and with good
Shall satiate be, whilst thou art tost i'th' Flood,
Thou shalt, poor Youth, with dreadful Storms be hurl'd,
Whilst I shall find a very quiet World.
All thy best days are gone, and plung'd thou'lt be
Into sad Gulfs of woful Misery.
Unless thou dost recant, and stop thy Course, (worse:
Thou'lt see things with thee will grow worse and
These Fools who do their nicer Conscience mind,
E're long they shall but little Comfort find.

Youth.

Sir, Storms and Tempests do, I know, attend
Those who resolve poor Conscience to befriend.
Paul's Portion 'twas, who from his very Youth,
Had kept good Conscience, and obey'd the Truth.
He met with blustering Winds, was tost about,
Yet did bear up for *Canaan* most devout;
Till he at last the glorious Voyage made,
Getting the Crown which ne'er away shall fade.
All those who sail'd this Way, have all along
Met with great Opposition, and much Wrong
From Pyrats, Spoilers, and Usurpers, who
Contrived have the Righteous to undo.
This terrifies me not, because that I
Know 'tis the Way to true Felicity.
The Gold and precious things the Merchant gains,
Do quit his Cost and recompence his Pains.
The Riches which he brings at his return,
Makes him great Dangers oftentimes to run.
So Hopes of Joys, the which celestial are,
Make me no Labour nor no Cost to spare.
You are for present things, I further see;
You are for Earth, but Heaven is for me;

You

You are for Pleasures and for Bags of Gold,
I am for that which *Moses* did behold.
You are for Ease, what ever it doth cost,
And Honours here, tho Soul for it be lost.
Who makes the wisest Choice, let him declare,
Let Death and Judgment shew who wise Men are.
My Purpose I'll pursue what e're I meet,
My Portion's great, my Peace no Counterfeit.
Heaven is my Port, there's such a Place I'm sure,
Nought shall entice me, nor my Soul allure,
To loose my hold, I'll keep firm in my Station,
Tho in my Way I meet with Tribulation:
Yet I most safe shall there at last arrive,
No Men nor Devils ever shall deprive
My Soul of that eternal dwelling Place,
Such Confidence I have obtain'd through Grace.

Apostate.

If I should grant things which so doubtful are,
That there's a *Canaan* or a Heaven, where
Sweet Joys abound beyond what's here below,
Yet hard it is for any Man to know
The ready Way unto that seeming Place,
Consider this, O 'tis a weighty Case!
For there so many Ways and Voices be,
How thou should'st find the right, I do not see.
Thou art a Stranger too, thou told'st me plain,
Come, come young Man, turn with me back again.

Truth.

Nothing, dear [illegible] more certain is than this,
That there's a Heaven or eternal Bliss.
The Heathens could by Natures Light espy
Man's chiefest Good or best Felicity,
Must needs excel the high'st Enjoyments here,
And shall this doubtful unto those appear,

Who

Who have Gods Works most dreadfully made known
Yea, and his Word, which very few or none
Who live in any Land the like have had;
Shall such turn Atheists, this is very sad.
Is not Jehovah every where made known,
By dreadful Judgments, which are daily shown?
And, why think you I can't the true Way find,
Seeing Jesus has in writing left his Mind
In plain Characters, which whilst I observe,
I from the Truth am sure no ways to swerve;
He came from thence himself the other day,
And gave Directions how to find the way;
This Writing's firm, 'tis signed with his Blood,
That the old Dragon, with his mighty Flood
Of Superstition, and persecuting Fire,
Could not it spoil nor gain his curst Desire.
The holy Scripture God to us hath given,
To guide our Souls in the right Way to Heaven,
Tho Satan has made Opposition strong,
Yet still we have it in our Mother-tongue.
And by this means, most plain I come to know
The very Footsteps where the Flock did go.

Apostate.

Tho you of Scripture seem to make your boast,
Your Hopes of this will suddenly be lost.
For you much longer it ar'n't like to have,
Your Souls and others thus for to deceive.
For holy Church once more will quite destroy,
This *English* God which they seem to enjoy.
Thou art unlearn'd, the Scriptures do'st not know,
But wrestest them unto thy Overthrow.

Youth.

They are unlearn'd whom God hath never taught,
But have in Popish Darkness up been brought.

They

They are unlearn'd, who never had the Spirit,
Who think they can by Works Salvation merit:
They are unlearn'd who foolishly deny
The Spirit's Teachings and Authority
For to excel all Humane Arts and Science,
And on Man's Teaching wholly have Reliance.
They are unlearn'd, or very poorly read,
That teach Christ Jesus is a Piece of Bread,
Which Rats and Mice may eat, and vomit up,
And do deny the Layety the Cup.
For those for whom Christ did his Body break,
He of the Cup did bid them all partake.
They are unlearn'd who think that Purgatory
Can be ought else than a meer fained Story.
They are unlearn'd, whose Doctrine doth declare
The Church two Heads doth on its Shoulders bear,
That Woman which hath any Husbands more,
Than only one, is a notorious Whore.
That Man's unlearn'd, who learned never hath
The A B C of the true Christian Faith.
That Man I grant, is wholly yet unlearn'd,
Who never knew himself, nor yet discern'd
The curst Nature of his hainous Sin,
Nor what Estate by Nature he is in.
That Man's unlearn'd who never went to School,
To learn for Christ how to become a Fool.
That Man's unlearn'd, yea, and a very Sot,
Who hath his Soul and Jesus Christ forgot;
And doth esteem Earth's empty Vanity,
Above that Good which Saints in God espy.
I am unlearn'd, and yet have learned how
To crucifie the Flesh, yea, and to bow
To Jesus Christ, and for his precious sake
His Yoke and Burden willingly to take,

And

And follow him where ever he doth go,
And him alone determine for to know.
Who for my sake upon the Cross did die,
Him have I learn'd alone to magnifie;
And to exalt him as he's Priest and King,
And as my Prophet too in ev'ry thing.
And this through Grace I learned have of late,
To be content what ever be my State.
Some things I must confess I ne'er could learn,
Nor any ways perceive, see, or discern,
I never read of *Peter*'s tripple Crown,
Nor that he ever wore a Popish Gown.
I never learn'd that he did Pope become,
Or rule o'er Kings like to the Beast at *Rome*.
I never learn'd that he kept Concubines,
Or ever Power had to pardon Sins.
I never learn'd he granted Dispensations,
To poyson Kings, or Rulers of those Nations,
Who were profane, or turned Hereticks,
Or did refuse the Faith of Catholicks.
I never learn'd he was the Churches Head,
Or did forget the Clergy for to wed.
I never read that he had Chests of Gold,
Or that great Benefits by him were sold.
I never read he's call'd his Holiness,
Yet had as much as any Pope I guess.
I never learn'd *Peter* did magnifie
Himself above all Gods, or God on high,
Or that upon the Neck of Kings he trod,
Or ever he in Cloth of Gold was clad.
I never read that he made Laws to burn
Such as were Hereticks, or would not turn
To Jesus Christ, much less to murther those
Who did in Truth Idolatry oppose!
I never learn'd, nor could unto this day

That

That th' Pope and *Peter* walk'd both in one way:
Yea, or that they in any thing accord,
Save only in denying of the Lord.
In that they also greatly differ do,
Of which I think to give a hint or two:
Peter deny'd him, yet did love him dear,
The Pope denies him, and doth Hatred bear
To him, and to all those that do him love,
Who bear his Image, and are from above.
Peter deny'd him, and did weep amain;
The Pope denies him with the great'st disdain.
Peter deny'd him, yet for him did die;
The Pope in Malice him doth crucifie.
Peter deny'd him thrice, and then repented,
The Pope a thousand times, but ne'er relented.
Peter and *John* no mighty Scholars were,
Yet few for Knowledge might with them compare.
Poor Fisher-men do find the Way to Heaven,
When Scholars go astray, who Arts have seven.
The learned School men put our Lord to Death,
And very few of such Christ called hath;
But poor despised Persons he doth call,
And passeth by the high flown Cardinal,
For humane Learning, and such kind of Preaching,
Is nothing to the blessed Spirit's Teaching.
I Learning like, and grant that Men may use it,
Yet would I not have them for to abuse it.

Apostate.

Leave off these canting Strains, and don't deride
Our holy Father, for I can't abide
To hear such prating Fools. Are you so wise?
Dare you the holy Mother Church despise?
'Tis that Religion I like best of all,
The Pope I do adore, and Cardinal.

There's

There's Pomp and Riches, and a worldly Glory,
What you talk of, is an unpleasant Story.
There's Pleasure, Profit, Safety, and much Ease,
Which doth the Flesh as well as Spirit please.
Here's Heaven and Earth, what canst thou more desire,
Or of thy God, or any Man require?
Thy way thou'st lost, and *Canaan* wilt not see,
Therefore with speed turn back again with me.

Professor.

Could I no other Reason give or urge
To prove *Rome*'s Church untrue, I can't but judge
This which you speak, doth plainly it declare,
For in Christ's Church no such vain Pomps appear;
No worldly Glory doth Christ's Church adorn,
For she's afflicted, much despis'd and torn.
Her Beauty can't with outward Eyes be seen,
Her Beauty and her Glory are within.
When *John* sets forth the Antichristian State,
Much outward Pomp 'tis true he doth relate.
The Whore is deckt with Gold, brave Stones, and Pearl
Who at poor *Sion* doth with Envy snarl.
No Liberty to th' Flesh the Lord doth give,
Saints must alone after the Spirit live.
No serving God and Mammon, Sir, 'tis plain,
To Hell you go except you're born again.
If you'll be Christ's with speed then turn you must,
To crucifie the Flesh with all its Lust,
No Cause have I to fear to go astray,
Whilst I walk daily in the narrow Way.
All those who do God's holy Word contemn,
No Light nor Truth is there at all in them.
Their Feet on the dark Mountains soon will fall,
And utter Ruin will o'ertake them all.
But as for me no cause have I to doubt,

But I shall find this blessed *Canaan* out.
To turn to *Egypt* with you back again,
The Thoughts of it my Soul doth much disdain.
Dost think I'll leave my *Quails* and *Manna* rare,
For stinking Garlick, and base Onyons there?

Apostate.

For all your Courage, Sir, I do suppose,
You will repent that ever you have chose
To leave the Comforts of a precious World,
And with sound Zeal thus blindly to be hurl'd.
You are a Man that might advanced be,
Unto great Honour, State, and Dignity,
Your Father's Master of a good Estate,
And you too are his Heir, I hear of late.
But if you don't this new Religion leave,
One Groat of him you are not like to have.

Professor.

This World in a just Ballance oft I try,
And find it lighter far than Vanity.
Riches alas! they are but Bags of Cares,
And Honours nought save Fool-bewitching Snares.
Your outward Joy will turned be to Sadness,
Your Pleasure into Pain, your Wisdom Madness.
You catch at nothing, 'tis at best a Bubble,
Which long you cannot keep, altho you double
Your Diligence, and think to hold it fast,
'Twill fly with speed, 'tis but an empty Blast.
What frantick Fit is this? will you destroy
Your higher Hopes for such a fancy'd Joy?
This World's like the Strumpet of whom I've read,
Who with sweet Fumes inticeth to her Bed,
With amorous Glances promises a Bliss,
And hides Destruction with a feigned Kiss.

She

She has the Tricks, and her enſnaring Wiles,
But lodgeth Death under deceitful Smiles.
She hugs the Soul ſhe hates, yea, and doth prove
A very *Judas* where ſhe fains to love.
Take heed therefore, leſt you be catcht i'th' Snare,
And buy your late Repentance much too dear.
Theſe Comforts here which you do precious call,
Each wiſe Man ſees they're vain and fliting all.
To think I ſhould repent no Cauſe is there,
If things by you rightly conſidered were.
What *Moſes* choſe of old the ſame do I,
All vain Allurements I do quite defy.
I knew when firſt my Journey I did take,
I muſt my Father's Houſe learn to forſake,
Whatever I expoſed am unto,
In *Abraham*'s Steps I am reſolv'd to go,
What e're I loſe, Chriſt will mak't up to me,
When I of *Canaan* ſhall poſſeſſed be.
I ſeek no Honour here from any one,
True Honour comes, dear Sir, from God alone.
To be an Heir unto a great Eſtate,
Or Son unto ſome earthly Potentate,
Is nought to what by Grace I am born to,
My Portion's great, I know not how to ſhow
I'm Heir unto that mighty King of Heaven,
To me e're long, ſweet *Canaan* will be given.
I do reſolve to hold out to the end,
Altho I han't one Great or earthly Friend
To favour me: I never will return
Until this glorious *Canaan* I have won.

Apoſtate.

What ground have you, my Friend, for to believe
If you forſake all things, you ſhall receive
This Land you ſpeak of, for your own Poſſeſſion?
Unto your Heart 'tis good to put this Queſtion.

For

For divers do unto great things lay claim,
But some oft-times I see, and sure I am,
Unto such Lands can no good Title show,
Altho they strive for them, as you may do.
If you should sell what e're you have for this,
And yet at last should also of it miss,
You'll see your self at length then quite undone:
Consider of't, and back with me return:
For no good Title of it can be had,
'Twas this, alas! which once did make me sad.
To save my own, I thought 'twas best for me,
Unless of this I could assured be.

Professor.

Don't think you shall my Zeal for Heaven cool,
Nor my dear Soul with Fancies thus befool.
Rouse up my Soul, now in thy own Defence,
And shew thy clear and precious Evidence.
Can any thing be plainer here on Earth,
'Twas purchas'd for me by Christ Jesus Death,
The Father doth this Kingdom own, and he
For his own Child has late adopted me.
And if a Child, I also am an Heir,
And shall with Jesus this like Glory share.

Apostate.

How do you know, you be his Child? in this
You may mistake, and so may *Canaan* miss.

Professor.

My late Conversion doth most plainly prove,
My inward Birth is truly from above.
The *Truth* and *Conscience* both agree in one,
I am through Grace, no Bastard, but a Son.
Those whom God doth by his own Spirit lead,
They are his Sons, you in the Scripture reade.
Besides all this, since I did first believe,
An earnest of this Land I did receive.

And divers Promises also there be,
Which bind it firmly over unto me.
Is not my Title unto Heaven good,
When sign'd and seal'd to me by Christ his Blood?
You see by these I have a certain ground,
And good Assurance for God's Kingdom found.
But you, as it appears, do quite despair,
Without all hopes of ever coming there.

Apostate.

Nay, stay a little, don't affirm that neither,
Why may not I as soon as you get thither?
Tho in that way, in which I late did walk,
I was deceiv'd with many other Folk;
And thought that Heaven was entail'd to those
Which did the Pope and Church of *Rome* oppose:
Thinking a Man a Separate must be
From that same Church, or else could never see,
Find, nor enjoy eternal Peace and Rest;
And therefore I, like others, did protest
Against that antient Mother Church, whom now
I am resolv'd to own, yea, and to bow
Down unto her, with all humble Subjection,
Thinking 'tis best for Safety and Protection,
Resolving never more to vex my Mind,
As I have done, for I shall sooner find
In this smooth way, Assurance for Salvation,
Than if I had kept in my former Station.
Hopes I may have, no certain ground I know
The Church affirms we can attain unto:
But Promises most clear are made to those
Who seek for the old Way, and with it close.
And that *Rome*'s Church can plead Antiquity,
No Protestant I'm sure can it deny:
Yea, and must grant, what ever's their Profession,
That none but *Rome* can prove their true Succession

From

From those brave Churches which first planted
By the Apostles, as their Acts declare. (were
And therefore Youth, you must no longer boast
Of Faith and Confidence, for you have lost
Your Way to Heaven; and must therefore look
Into that Church which long hath been forsook.
From the true Church to rend and schismatize,
Is a sad thing, tho many it despise.
For the Corruption in the Church there be,
Yet all should walk in Uniformity.

Professor.

Sir, I deny your Churches Constitution,
Which makes me loath you, and for your Pollution,
Corruption, and vile Spots, they are so bad,
No Church of Christ the like hath ever had,
Which I resolve fully to make appear
Before I'll leave you, if you're pleas'd to hear.

Apostate.

Rome's Church was rightly gather'd, that's most clear,
Saint *Paul* himself to this doth witness bear.
Faith and Repentance truly did they own,
And were baptized in due Form 'tis known:
No Church in Constitution right has been,
If that our Church i'th' least doth fail herein.

Professor.

Rome's Church, I grant, was true i'th' Apostles days,
But yours from that doth differ many ways.
Rome's Church was very famous heretofore,
But is become the Scarlet colour'd Whore.
From the true Faith she hath departed quite,
And the true Church was forc'd to take her flight,
Into the dark and howling Wilderness,
Where she lay hid in sore and great Distress,
From the vile Beast, and Dragon's furious Rage,
And so remain'd until this latter Age.

If *Rome's* Church now were like unto the old,
Then with the *Romanists* we all would hold,
But when she is become Christ's Enemy,
God out of Babylon doth bid us fly.
If you can prove *Rome's* Church hath not declin'd
From that Church-state by *Paul* himself defin'd,
Then you will undertake for to do more
Than any Papist ever did before.
The Jewish Church God once did own and love,
But for their Sins he did them quite remove
Out of his Sight, they're broken for their Sin,
With other Churches which have famous been,
And yet do keep some outward Form and Show
Of Worship and Church-state, as *Rome* may do:
Who has in truth left nought save a bare Name,
As hath been clearly prov'd by Men of Fame.
If you should bring your Visibility,
To prove your Church is true; I do reply,
A better Argument I need not bring
To prove your's false, than that same very thing.
For the true Church was hid, did not appear
A thousand two hundred and sixty Year.
And then whereas you in the second place
Mention Antiquity, 'tis a clear case,
Your Church is under Age, yea much too young,
Out of th' Apostacy, alas! she sprung:
A Bastard-Church, base-born, meer National,
And therefore that's for you no Proof at all.
The fleshly Seed i'th' Church must not be brought
John Baptist and our Saviour both so taught.
Christ's Church is gather'd by Regeneration,
And not as 'twas i'th' former Dispensation.
You in a lineal way do go about,
To take in those whom Jesus hath shut out,
The Axe is now laid to the Root o' th' Tree,

And

And every one true Penitent must be.
And must obtain of God true saving Grace,
Who in his holy Church would have a Place.
Your Church is not so gather'd, therefore I
Deny your Church and its Antiquity;
That Church which is upheld by th' carnal Sword,
And not by th' Power of God's holy Word,
Is very false, and that *Rome*'s Church is so,
Not a few worthy Authors plainly show.
And whereas she much boasts of Holiness;
No People doubtless in the World have less;
For *Rome* like to a stinking common Shore,
Receives what ev'ry one casts forth o'th' Door.
She's like a Cage of ev'ry hateful Bird,
As is recorded in God's sacred Word.
The Counsel which an antient Author gave,
Let ev'ry Soul with special Care receive.
He that would holy live, from Rome *be packing,*
There's all things else, but Godliness is lacking.
She also doth Doctrines of Devils hold,
According as th' Apostle hath foretold,
In charging People to abstain from Meat,
Which God alloweth us freely to eat.
And in denying Persons for to wed,
Tho God allow the undefiled Bed.
By means of these most cursed Prohibitions
Your Clergy stinks alive with gross Pollutions:
And many of your filthy Popes of *Rome*
Have *Sodomites* and Buggerers become;
Whoredom and Incest they have minc'd so small,
As scarce to count them any Sin at all.
Most cursed *Stews* allowed are by them,
Whom none i'th' *Popedom* dare i'th' least condemn.
Vile *Necromancers* many of them were,
Haters of God, no Sin, in truth, is there:

But some o'th' *Popes* of it have guilty been,
As may upon Record be clearly seen.
Is this your holy *Head* and reverend *Father*,
Next unto Christ supream? is he not rather,
A Devil incarnate? the worst of Mankind,
Who can in Hell a viler Sinner find?
Is Rome *Christ's Church*, *Christ's Spouse*, his only *Love*,
His undefiled One, and spotless Dove?
Sir, don't mistake, she is that *Scarlet Whore*,
Whom *John* characterized heretofore,
Which I shall full evince, and make appear,
If you with Patience will but lend an Ear.

Apostate.

I find you in Reproaches free enough,
But shall expect you so too in your Proof.
Those common Epithets of Beast and Whore,
Are daily flung at every Bodies Door.
But for to warrand your severer Doom,
Prove that they properly belong to *Rome*.

Professor.

That Truth God's sacred Word doth well explain:
That City which o'er Kings of th' Earth did reign,
Was that same Whore, the Spirit clear doth show;
And that *Rome* was that City, all Men know:
Who then above all others bore the sway,
'Twas *Rome* the Nations fear'd, and did obey.
And still you Papists to her Bishops give
Headship o'er all who on the Earth do live:
Before him Kings and Emperors must submit,
That so he may the mighty Monarch sit,
Whilst absolute Pow'r he claims, and Sov'raign'ty
Above all Princes, by his Tyranny.
From whence all Persons may conclude it true,
By their first Mark, the Title is his due.

The

The second Character of *Babylon*,
Is *Pomp and State, wherein she proudly shone.*
That *Rome* has been a rich, gay, costly Whore,
England once found, I wish she may no more.
Infinite Sums almost she squeez'd from hence,
For Pardons, Obits, Annates, *Peter-pence.*
And through each Land where she her Triumphs led
Whole Swarms of Locusts, Priests, and Friers were spread,
These (as the *Janizaries* to the *Turk*)
Were faithful Slaves still to promote her Work.
Whilst to maintain those Drones, she swept away
The Fat and Wealth of Nations for their Prey.
In the third place, *she doth Mens Souls enslave,*
This Mark in *Rome* most evident we have.
With dangerous Vows, unwarranted Traditions,
Implicit Faith, and thousand Superstitions,
Pretended Miracles, apparent Lies,
Damnable Errors, and fond Fopperies,
She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,
Boasts all her Dictates are infallible.
And then, to fill her Measure, i'th' last place,
'Tis said, she would God's precious *Sion* raze.
This can of none but *Rome* be understood,
That drunken Whore, who reels in Martyrs Blood.
As I more largely now shall make appear,
And then with Patience your Excuses hear.
Within the compass of six thousand Years,
Has been presented to the Eyes and Ears
Of future Ages the most sad Contents
Of bloody Tragedies, the dire Events
Of dreadful Wars in several Generations,
The overthrow of many fruitful Nations:
But all comes short of *Rome*'s most bloody Bill,
Which doth the Earth with sanguine Volumes fill.
Jerusalem that City of Renown,

Sackt by *Vespasian*, burnt and broken down;
It was indeed a dreadful Desolation,
And so have Conquerors dealt with many a Nation.
All Conquerors ever found a time to cease, (Peace.
When once they conquer'd, then they were at
They murder'd not, but such as would not yield
To own them for their Lords: and in the Field
They slew them too with Weapons in their Hand
For their Defence, and always ready stand
To give Quarter to those that it demand.
But this vile Strumpet's Blood-bedabled Hands
Finds not a Period, never countermands.
Her cruel Rage, her Murders know no end,
She Slaughters when she Pity doth pretend:
Years terminate not her Blood-thirsty Acts,
She slays without examining their Facts.
In time of Peace her treach'rous Hands have shed
Blood without Measure: she hath murthered
By cruel Massacres her Neighbours, when
They thought themselves the most secure of Men.
One might fill Volumes with her bloody Story,
In which she still persists; makes it her Glory
T'invent strange Torments to deprive the Breath
Of Christians, by a tedious ling'ring Death.
The brutish *Nero* first of Tyrant-Kings,
From whose base Root nine other Tyrants springs,
Whose most inhumane Acts, not to their Glory,
Did leave the World a lamentable Story;
And to their lasting and eternal Shame,
Did purchase to themselves that hateful Name
Of bloody Monsters in the Shape of Men,
Whose cruel Acts deserve an iron Pen,
That might perpetuate to after-times,
These Heathens Cruelty; record the Crimes
For which those Christians willingly laid down,

Their

Their earthly Houses for a Heavenly Crown!
Reflect a while Sir, and but cast your Eye,
First on those Heathen Emp'rors Cruelty;
Then view the bloody Papists and compare
Their Cruelties together, and as far
As *Egypt*'s Darkness did exceed our Night,
Or Midnight differs from the Morning Light,
So far the Papists Cruelty does exceed
The worst of Heathen Tyrants, and indeed
The worst of Tyrants since the World began,
Or since Dissention fell 'twixt Man and Man.
If *Cyprian* and *Eusebius* Words be true,
These persecuting Emp'rors yearly slew
Millions of Souls, shedding their guiltless Blood,
Which ran like Waters from a mighty Flood.
So void their Hearts were of all humane Pity,
They spar'd no Age, nor Sex, nor Town, nor City.
The things wherein these Christians did offend,
Were only this, they did refuse to bend
Their Heaven-devoted Knees, or fall before
Those Idol-Gods these Emp'rors did adore.
They did believe one God created all,
They did believe in Christ, and down did fall
Prostrate upon the Earth, and daily bring
Sacrifice only to that Heav'nly King.
Their Emperors Gods these Christians did deride,
This was the Cause so many Millions dy'd.
These Emperors thinking themselves engag'd
Their Idols to revenge, grew more enrag'd
To see the Christians boldly to despise
Their Gods, and honour Christ before their Eyes:
They did conclude the Nature of th' Offence,
Deserv'd no less than Death for Recompence.
Thus may we plainly see a reason why
These Heathen Emp'rors us'd such Cruelty.

'Twas not becauſe they worſhipp'd not aright,
But worſhipp'd not at all, nay, did deſpight
Unto theſe Idols which they Gods did call
Affirming that they were no Gods at all.
An Act not to be born by Fleſh and Blood,
To have the Edicts of their Gods withſtood.
Yet in the midſt of all thoſe Tyrants Rage,
Serious Advice a little would aſſwage
Their Helliſh Fury, and for ſome time ceaſe,
And give the Chriſtians a breathing Space.
And when as thoſe ten Emperors ceas'd to be,
Then terminated all their Cruelty. (Wrath,
Three hundred Years accompliſht their fierce
And then the Heathens own'd the Chriſtian Faith.
And now their Emp'rors do as much adore
The God of Heaven and Earth, as they before
Had done their Idols; and zealous for the Church,
Give great Donations, make their Biſhops rich.
And now proud *Rome*, ſince *Conſtantine* the Great,
Thou by degrees haſt taken up thy Seat,
Puft up with Riches, ſwoln with filthy Pride,
From God's pure Laws haſt quickly turn'd aſide.
And now ſuch Biſhops only doſt thou chuſe,
As God doth hate, and utterly refuſe.
Proud, ſenſual, and void of th' Holy Spirit:
Such as the Lord hath ſaid, ſhall not inherit
Eternal Glory; ſuch thy Biſhops be:
Who ſhould be fill'd with Truth and Purity.
Shining like Lights before the Flock, that they
The better might diſcern the perfect Way.
But now inſtead of ſuch as theſe, behold
They are preſumptuous, proud, imperious, bold;
Changing the Worſhip that the Lord makes known
And in its ſtead will introduce their own:
Yea, ſo preſumptuous are they in their Pride,

As to affirm God's holy Word's no Guide
For Men to walk by; the only Rule that they
Do counsel Men, nay force them to obey,
Is their Traditions, which they affirm to be
Far more Authentick than our Lord's Decree,
Within his holy Word he us hath given,
For a sure Light to guide our Steps to Heaven,
And now these Christians, whose most tender Heart
Dares not believe them, fearing to depart
From God's Directions, which in his blest Word
He hath so plainly left upon Record:
These are the Men this wicked Strumpet hath
So often made the Objects of her Wrath,
Making the Earth to drink the guiltless Blood
Of such as for God's holy Word have stood.
O! let the Blood-drunk Earth ne'er cease to cry
Unto the Hesven enthroned Majesty,
Till God take Vengeance as he did on *Cain*,
For all the righteous *Abels* she hath slain.
Not for denying, but honouring the Lord,
Yea, for believing that his sacred Word
Is the most perfect, and the truest Guide,
The Rule by which all Doctrines should be try'd.
Our blessed Lord bids search them, for, saith he,
They are the Words that testifie of me.
Lo here's the Cause, behold the Reason why
The Whore has acted so much Cruelty.
Inhumane Murthers doth this Whore invent
Whereby she daily slays the Innocent.
The Numbers she hath murder'd do surmount
The strictest of Arithmeticks Account.
What Countrey hath not tasted of the Cup,
That her most bloody Hands have filled up?
How hath she stir'd up Nations to engage
Against each other, to satisfie her Rage?

Where

Where Millions have been brought unto the Duſt,
Only to ſatisfie the Strumpet's Luſt;
That ſhe the better might ingroſs the Power
Of Hell into her Hands, and ſo devour
At her blood-thirſty Pleaſure, ſuch as ſhe
Could not perſwade to love Idolatry!
Perfidious *France*, whoſe moſt inhumane Wrath,
Paſſing the Limits of a Chriſtian Faith;
Within the ſpace of eight and twenty days,
Thy bloody Hands moſt treacherouſly betrays
Ten thouſand Souls, and to that bloody ſcore,
Adds quickly after twenty thouſand more.
How many Murders more that Popiſh Nation
Have done, the *Romiſh* Hiſt'ries make Relation;
And yet from Cruelty *Rome* has not ceas'd,
But as her Years, her Murders have increas'd,
And ſwoln to bigger Numbers in leſs ſpace,
As *Bellarmine* affirmeth to her Face;
Who thus atteſts, that from the Morning Light
Until the ſable Curtains of the Night
Were cloſely drawn, her bloody Hands did ſlay
A hundred thouſand Souls; O! let that day
In Characters of Blood recorded be,
That may remain unto Eternity.
O let the Earth that drinketh in the Rain,
That did receive the Blood of all the ſlain;
Let both the Heaven and the Earth implore
The God of Heaven to confound the Whore.
O poor *Bohemiah*, thou haſt had a taſte,
When wicked *Julian* laid thy Countrey waſte;
Burning thy Towns and Villages with Fire,
Sparing not young, nor old, nor Son, nor Sire.
What Multitudes unnumb'red were thy ſlain,
Which in the Field unburied did remain!

Thou

Thou found'st the Woolvish Popes in every Age,
Contrive thy Ruine, many times engage
Thy Neighbour Nations to shed forth thy Blood,
Only because faithful *Bohemia* stood
For God's pure Worship: *Martyn* the sixth excites,
Emperors, Kings, Dukes, Barons, Earls and Knights,
With one consent to fall upon that Nation,
On no less terms than on their own Salvation;
Promising also upon that Condition,
To give a full and absolute Remission
Unto the vilest Sinner that e're stood
Upon the Earth, that would but shed the Blood
Tho but of one *Bohemian*; O Rage!
Not to be parallel'd in any Age;
Except that Monster, who did sore rebuke
The over-charitable Popish Duke
Of D. *Alva*: and would you know his Crime,
It was because that he in six Years time,
Through too much Lenity caus'd not the Earth
To drink more Christian Blood than issued forth
From eighteen thousand Souls; for this the Duke
Was thought by Papists worthy of Rebuke;
Is eighteen thousand in six Years so few,
In the account of your Blood thirsty Crew,
Inhumanely to murther? yea indeed,
Because their former Numbers did exceed.
But if the Duke of *Alva*'s bloody Bill
Came short in Numbers, yet his Hand did fill
It up with Torments, so dreadful to rehearse,
As that the very thoughts thereof would pierce
A marble Heart, make Infidels relent,
Torments that none but Devils could invent:
But if all this was over little still,
His Predecessors added to the Bill,

For

For from the time that Hellish Inquisition
Did from the Devil first receive Commission,
As well approv'd History doth relate,
Till thirty Years expired had their Date,
By cruel Torments which they still retain,
Was an hundred and fifty thousand slain;
And yet before they took away their Breath,
They for some time did make each day a Death,
Depriving them, as far as in them lay
Of all the Comfort that the night or day
Affords Mankind; for then there was not found
So much Sun-light as to behold the Ground
On which they stood: each day that giveth Light,
Was unto them like *Egypt*'s darkest Night.
In Hellish Darkness thus they made them spend
Their weary Hours, and kindly in the End
Destroyed them: the Company they had
Within those darksome Caverns, was their sad
And melancholly Thoughts, their Sighs and Groans,
Their doleful Lodgings was upon the Stones.
If noisome Creatures bred and fostred there,
These noisome Creatures their Companions were.
What Food they eat was only to secure
Their Souls alive, that so they might endure
The several Torments that they did provide,
So an hundred and fifty thousand dy'd.
Beside what dy'd by persecuting Hands,
Within the Pope's Confines in sev'ral Lands.
Thus may I sooner spend my Strength and Tears,
And tire, if you regard, your Eyes and Ears,
Than give a full and absolute Relation
Of all the Acts of *Rome*'s Abomination.
Oh! may my native Countrey rather hear
Their bloody Acts than in the least part bear
Her Burthen, or behold her mur'dring Hand

Once

Once more spread through the confines of our Land.
But I perceive these Truths are dully heard,
And that you little my Discourse regard.

Apostate.

Yes, yes, I hear and smile what *Tragedies*,
You make of lawful just Severities.
The Martyrs you applaud were Rebels too,
And still against Authority would go.
If then they suffer'd, who, pray, is to blame?

Professor.

That I have shown already to their Shame.
And I would have my Countrey-men to take
Another taste, that may preserve awake
Their drowsie Souls, who take a dying Nap,
Much like deluded *Sampson*, on the lap
Of lustful *Dalilah*, whose treacherous Breath
Sends forth the Messenger of *Sampson*'s Death:
Let not the Strumpet's sugred words perswade
Thee for to credit her, that's been her trade,
To promise fairest when she doth intend
To deal falsest; she doth betray her Friend
Like wicked *Cain*, first of that sinful Race,
That slew his Brother smiling in his Face.
From the first time that e're the Hellish Rage
Of *Jesuits* appeared on the Stage
To act their Parts in *England*, *France* and *Spain*,
And *Italy* her bloody Hands hath slain
Nine hundred thousand Souls, or thereabout,
E're many Years had run their Hours out.
Of the *Americans*, by Popish *Spain*,
In fifty Years was fifteen Millions slain.
The poor religious *Waldenses*, whose Eye,
Like the quick-sighted Vultur, did espy

Rome's filthy Whoredoms, and freely disclaim
Her vile Idolatry, and hate the same; (Cup,
Drunk dreadful Draughts of *Rome's* most bloody
Which she with Hell-bred Fury poured up:
And for no other Cause, her bloody Hands
She did stretch forth, with Hell-inraged Bands,
Being sent abroad, forthwith to put to Death
Both young and old, each Man that draweth Breath,
And yet, as if she had not been content
To murder Parents with their innocent
And harmless Babes, as if their Hellish Breath
Had not been spent with putting Souls to Death:
Fourscore sweet Babes that never did offend,
Famish'd to Death, their harmless Lives did end.
Search, search into the deep Abyss of Hell,
And see if all the Devils can parallel
So vile an Act: O most imperious Treason
Against the King of Kings, and Law of Reason!
Are Papists Christians, and are these their Acts,
To punish such as ne'er committed Facts?
Are those right Actings fitting Gospel-times,
To lay on Babes the weight of highest Crimes?
Did Christ do thus, or hath he ever given
Them leave to do so with the Heirs of Heaven?
Those murd'red Souls under the Altar lie,
Crying how long, Eternal Majesty,
How long will't be e're thou avenge thy Saints,
And lend thine Ear unto their sad Complaints?
These *Waldenses* being overcome and dead,
A little Remnant that escaped fled;
Taught by Dame Nature's moral Laws to save
Their much desired Lives, within a Cave
Did hide themselves, hoping at last, that they
Taking Advantage of another Day,
When Golden *Titan* had laid down his Head

Upon

Upon the Pillows of his Western Bed,
And *Proserpina* Lady of the Night
Had drawn her Sable Curtains, then they might
Transport themselves into some other Land,
And so escape out of the Hunters Hand.
But as the Hounds that hunt the wearied Hart,
Doth ply their Steps, and never will depart
The Fields and Meadows, or the silent Wood
Till they surprize the Beast: ev'n so these Blood-
Devouring Monsters having found the Cave,
Most barb'rously did make that Place their Grave,
Wherein four hundred yielding up their Breath,
Were in a barb'rous manner choak'd to Death.
No Nation in the World hath ever seen,
A Foe so dreadful as the Whore hath been.
It is far better to be overcome
By *Turk* or *Heathen*, than by Christian *Rome*.
What part of *Europe* now can make their boast,
And say they have not tasted to their Cost
Of *Romish* Mercy? Some are yet alive,
Whose Parents felt the Death she did contrive.
O *Germany*! thy poor distress'd Estate
Will speak to future Ages, and relate
Whole Volumes of her bloody Murders, and
The murder'd Soul's of bleeding *Ireland*
Cry Night and Day for Vengeance, and implore
God's *Heaven* enthroned Majesty e're more,
To put a period to her Hellish Power,
That we may overtake her in an hour.
Those dreadful Murders have the Eyes and Ears
Of some now living heard and seen the Tears
Of Soul-afflicted Parents, whose sad Eyes
Beheld their murd'red Babes, and heard their Cries.
Their Daughters ravish'd, and when that was done,
Cruelly murd'red; and the hopeful Son

By

By unheard Torments slain before their Eyes,
Whilst they beheld their Childrens Miseries:
Their Children murd'red, and their Wives defil'd
Whose Bodies they ript up, being great with Child
And all this while Parents and Husbands were
Forc'd to behold what Flesh and Blood can't bear
The bare Relation: what Adamant Heart
Melts not, when I these dreadful things impart?
Ripping up Child-great Women was not all,
For that, altho inhumane, was but small,
Compar'd with other Torments they indur'd,
Whose Patience bore what could not else be cur'd
Tearing out Bowels, boyling Men alive, (rive
These Deaths and worse, those Monsters did con
We see how they have dealt with ev'ry Nation;
And shall we think at last to find Compassion?
The piteous Cries of Parents ne'er could move
Them to extend the smallest Dram of Love.
The Tears that ran from dying Infants Eyes,
Like plenteous Showers from the darkned Skies:
Whose great abundance might have made a Rive
Yet all these Floods of brinish Tears could neve
Enter a Papist's Heart so hard condens'd,
So void of Pity, and all humane Sense,
To hear the doleful Shreiks, and dying Groans
Of poor distressed Babes who make their Moans,
To Soul afflicted Parents e're they part,
These are the things delight a Papist's Heart.
To see the dying Gasps before the Death
Of tortured Souls, whose Life-forsaken Breath
Had waited many a tedious hour past, (las
When their tormented Soul should breathe the
Whose dolorous Sighings penetrate the Skies,
Those Objects do delight a Papist's Eyes.
And can we now at last expect to find

That *Rome*'s grown merciful, and Papists kind.
No, no, we cannot do't, if we but fix
Our serious Thoughts upon late sixty six:
When *London* was consum'd, that famous City,
It's Ruines do bespeak them void of Pity,
By *Rome*'s Contrivance was fair *London* burn'd,
England's Metropolis to Ashes turn'd.
The Merchants of their Riches quite bereft,
To day rich Men, to morrow nothing left.
Their Wives and Children harbourless became,
Their Substance all consumed in the Flame:
To day this famous City's deckt in Gold,
To morrow an Amazement to behold.
The doleful Shreiks, and lamentable Cries,
The Floods of Tears that ran from weeping Eyes;
As true Resemblances did represent
The Sorrows that our Neighbours underwent.
And can we think that Hell begotten Rage,
That did provoke so many to engage
In such an Act far worse than th' *Powder Treason*;
Can we suppose if we consult with Reason,
The Fury of their Hellish Rage expir'd
So soon as e're that famous Place was fir'd?
No, no, good Sir, your Pardon I presume,
Those Hell-ingend'red Flames that did consume
So fair a City in so short a space,
Hell gave those Flames Commission down to raze
Not *London* only, but ev'ry Soul that hath
A Heart resolved to maintain the Faith
Of Jesus, Protestants both great and small,
Rome hath determin'd their eternal Fall.
And those more formal Protestants, whose Zeal
May secretly perswade them to conceal
Their seeming Faith, and feignedly to close
With *Rome*'s erroneous Doctrine, and suppose

Thereby

Thereby to save their Lives; let none believe
Such vain Perswasions, many did deceive
Themselves; for *Rome* that painted Whore
Will deal with them as she hath done before.
With such as hoped in the self same kind,
To meet with Mercy, but nought less did find.
Christ never gave unto his Church Commission,
For to make Laws for grievous Persecution;
No outward Force were they i'th' least to use,
Much less poor Innocents for to abuse,
By burning, starving, roasting on a Spit,
And tauntingly to make a Sport of it.
The holy Saints and People of the Lord,
Their only Weapons was God's sacred Word;
With that bless'd Sword always they overcome,
And did refute all Hereticks; but *Rome*
Makes use, 'tis plain, o'th' carnal Sword and Fi
'Tis Blood, 'tis Blood this Locust doth desire.
Death without Mercy, Acts of Cruelty,
The Matter must decide continually:
The way they use to turn a Soul from Error,
Is the most dreadful Flesh amazing Terror
Of horrid Racks, whereon a Man must lie
Tortur'd to Death, dying, yet cannot die.
Strange kinds of Instruments devis'd to tear
The Flesh from off the Bones; these sometimes we
Her friendly Admonitions, to reclaim
Such whom she doth for Hereticks defame.
What Massacres hath she contriv'd by Night,
When Nature doth to rest each Man invite!
When Sleep has clos'd their Eyes, no thoughts
Did them possess, but in their folded Arms (Harm
Their Wives and Children lay with hopes that th
Through Grace might live to see another day.
Then came these murd'ring Butchers, sent from He
Nothi

Nothing but Blood would their vile Rage repel;
Slaying dear Babes and Mothers in their Gore,
Till all were dead they scorned to give o're:
These Church-dealings will not work Contrition,
He can erect a cursed Inquisition:
A dreadful Place of Cruelty and Blood,
Whose Torments scarcely can be understood;
A loathsom Dungeon, and vile stinking Cell,
A Place of Darkness, representing Hell;
Where nothing is so plentiful as Tears,
And bitter Sighs, and yet can find no Ears
To hear their Cries and lamentable Moans,
Nor Hearts to pity them for all their Groans,
Where many tedious days and nights they spend,
Not knowing when their Sufferings will have end.
If such like Arguments, Sir, will confute
A Heretick, the Papist may dispute
With all the World, nay Heathen *Rome* could never
Come nigh a Papist with their best Endeavour:
They scorn all *Turks* or *Pagans* (for contrival
Of barbarous Cruelties) should be corrival:
For Inhumanities they must defie
And scorn that Cannibals should them come nigh,
A bloody Papist strives to counterfeit
The Plagues of Hell, as far as Man's Conceit
Can reach unto, or Devils could invent;
This is a Papist's knocking Argument.
Thus, thus is *Rome* drunk with the Martyrs Blood,
Which has run down like to a mighty Flood.
O! it is *Rome* that is that Scarlet Whore,
Which to us doth hate and persecute the Poor,
And all which are unto the Truth inclin'd,
To serve the Lord with a most perfect Mind,
According to the tenor of his Word;
All such she strives to put unto the Sword:

And

And ſuffers none to buy, nor ſell, nor live,
But ſuch as Homage unto her would give!
Upon her Head alſo Saint *John* did ſee
Was writ the curſed Name of Blaſphemy:
Setting her ſelf on God's imperial Throne:
Saying, *I am*, beſides me there is none.
I have the Keys of Heaven in my Hand,
Both Earth and Hell is at my ſole Command;
I ſhut and open unto whom I pleaſe,
I Torment give to ſome, to others Eaſe.
Lo! thus God's ſacred Word doth point her forth,
This, this is ſhe, there's none in all the Earth
That ever did adventure to lay claim
To that preſumptuous and blaſphemous Name,
As King of Heaven, Earth and Hell, but ſhe,
Therefore *Rome*'s Church muſt the vile Strumpet be.

Apoſtate.

Sir, ſpeak no more, forbear your ſlandrous Lies,
The holy Church ſuch mur'drous Acts defies:
Do not believe all Stories, you do hear,
'Tis hard for you to make theſe things appear.

Profeſſor.

Theſe things were not, Sir, in a Corner done,
Beſides I never yet have heard of one
That is for you, or ſtandeth on your Side,
Who by juſt Proof theſe things ever deny'd;
For they, alas! notoriouſly are known,
And many Papiſts alſo them do own:
Beſides, 'twas late ſome of theſe Cruelties,
Murder and Blood, and barb'rous Tragedies,
Were done, and acted; ſome alive now be
Who with their Eyes theſe Villanies did ſee:
About the Year, dear Sir, of fifty five,
A dreadful Maſſacre did *Rome* contrive

Near

Near unto *France* i'th' Dukedom of *Savoy*,
Where thirty thousand Souls she did destroy,
Who were commanded without all Delays
Papists to turn, and that within three days;
Who for refusing, were then presently
Put unto Death with barbarous Cruelty, (Parts,
Some with sharp Spears thrust through their privy
Whilst others stabbed were unto their Hearts.
Some Babes they cut in pieces, some they roasted,
And some upon the tops of Spears they tossed:
Virgins were ravished, Widows and Wives,
All barbarously deprived of their Lives:
Some were drove forth on bitter Ice and Snow,
And many knock'd o'th' Head as they did go;
Thus were those Souls brought into Misery,
See it at large in *Moreland*'s History.
Two hundred thousand Protestants or more,
Were massacred by this vile bloody Whore.
In *Ireland*, there's many now alive
Who saw what kinds of Death they did contrive,
By which some of their dear Relations then
Were tortured by those most bloody Men.
How can you, Sir, these things i'th' least deny,
Which are so obvious to ev'ry Eye?

Apostate.

Youth, 'tis the Faith of *Roman* Catholicks,
Thus for to deal with all vile Hereticks,
Yet 'twas Rebellion too, say what you will,
For which the Church did many thousands kill.
To Magistrates they disobedient were,
And therefore they just Punishment did bear.

Professor.

Peter and *John* they Rebels were also,
By that same Argument which use you do.

To

To Magistrates they did refuse to bend,
Wherein they knew, they should the Lord offend.
In civil things they always did submit,
And Preached also, 'twas a thing most fit,
In things which do unto Man apertain;
But Christ o'er Conscience ought alone to reign.
Even so those Martyrs bare an upright Mind
Unto their Prince, and ever were inclin'd
In all just things obedient for to be,
Yet did stand up for Christ his Sov'raign'ty,
And were resolv'd in Matters of their Faith,
To worship God as holy Scripture saith,
According to that Light which he doth give,
Up unto which each Soul on Earth should live.
And tho your Church doth put poor Men to Death;
'Twas from the Devil such curst Laws came forth.
The Tares with Wheat should grow unto the end,
Till God is pleas'd the Reapers for to send.
That 'twas from Satan I don't doubt i'th' least,
For he did give unto this bloody Beast
His Pow'r and Seat, and his Authority,
For to effect all cursed Villany.

Apostate.

They were some evil Persons without doubt
Who crept into the Church, that work'd about
Those murderous Deeds, the Church did not allow,
But utterly against them did avow.

Professor.

The filthy Pope, and evil Cardinal,
With Bishops, Monks and Fryers you so call,
With fiery *Jesuits*, for to be brief,
In all these murd'rous Acts these were the chief.
Bulls, false Pardons and cursed Dispensations
From bloody *Rome*, has ruin'd many Nations.

You

You can't deceive, nor hood-wink the World more,
Times have discovered the Scarlet Whore.
We clearly now know how to bring our Charge,
As I could shew, but that I can't inlarge.

Apostate.

I know not how further, Sir, to excuse
The holy Church, you put me in a muse:
But she's more kind and gentle grown of late,
And doth such Cruelties defie and hate.

Professor.

Rome to a Wolf may fitly be compar'd,
Who whil'st against his Will is quite debarr'd
From seeking of his Prey, being ty'd in Chains,
Seems very peaceable, tho he remains
A Wolf in Nature still, if ever he
At any rate can get his Liberty,
Doth straightway run impatient of Delay,
And cannot rest until he's got his Prey.
So *Rome* seems kind and gentle, until she
Can find again an Opportunity,
Which with unwearied Pains, and often Trial,
She ever seeks, and hardly takes denial;
Which if she once obtains, she will not stay
From shedding Blood a minute of a day.

Apostate.

'Tis a vain thing with you for to contend,
And therefore I had rather make an end:
'Tis out of Love I speak, to have you leave
Your evil Errors, speedily to cleave
Unto that Church who only can decide
All Controversies, even so divide
The Truth from Error, Light from Darkness, so
That ev'ry one the ready way may go.
But you seem so resolved in your Mind,
That little Hopes, alas! of you I find.

But Youth, consider once again, I pray,
The Troubles of a new approaching day.
For sore Amazements will you overtake,
Unless you do your Purposes forsake.
If once our Church the day obtains, be sure
Longer you Hereticks we'll not endure.
Let former Strokes of Justice take such place,
As for to move you wisely to embrace
That Counsel which in tender Love I give,
That you in Safety evermore may live.
Or you'll repent that ever you begun
These dang'rous ways of Heresie to run.
'Tis a dark, doleful, dangerous Path you go,
Recant therefore as many others do.

Professor.

You may mistake, sometimes the Waters flow,
Yet on a sudden I observe them low.
A *Haman* may maliciously devise
Poor *Mordecai* and others to surprise,
Yet may his Purposes meet with a Blast,
And he himself be hanged too at last.
The Flesh with all its Lusts to mortifie,
Is hard to those that love Iniquity.
The way to Papists wholly is untrod,
And unto all who haters are of God:
The Way seems dark to you, untrod, uneven,
Hard 'tis to th' Flesh, yet, 'tis the way to Heaven;
'Tis dark to you, because that you are blind,
And can't God's Purpose in dark Footsteps mind.
I've a sure Hand to lead my trampling Paces,
To 'scape the Danger of those dang'rous Spaces.
I shall pass safe by means of my best Guide,
Tho thousands fall by me on ev'ry Side.
For to turn back will prove a doleful Fault,
Think upon the Monument of Salt,

I am

I am resolv'd a thousand Deaths to die,
Before I'll ever yield to Popery.

Apostate.

Thou art too strict, too righteous and precise,
Thou slight'st such things which prudent Men do prize;
Thou may'st have Christ, Pleasure, and Honour too,
And saved be without half this ado.
There's very few, alas! are of your Mind,
Who unto *Rome* are not at all inclin'd.

Professor.

You now condemn me for my holy Life,
Wherein 'tis true, I meet with Straits and Strife.
But when, dear Sir, you come at length to die,
You'll blame your self, and me you'll justifie.
Did ever any on a dying Bed
Lament that they were by God's Spirit led
To crucifie their Sins, and undertake
All things to leave for the Lord Jesus sake?
If righteous ones, alas! scarce saved are,
It greatly doth behove me to take care
In Holiness to walk, what e'er you say,
I from the Paths of Life will never stray.
The way I know is rough, 'tis hard and strait,
And leads me also through a *Thorny Gate*,
Whose scratching Pricks are very sharp and fell,
The way to *Heaven's* by the Gates of *Hell*.
Your Way, 'tis true, seems very smooth and wide,
Since you from Christ have lately turn'd aside.
My Paths seem long, your's short and very fair,
Free from all Rubs and Snares, yet Sir, beware,
The safest Path is not always most even,
The way to *Hell's* like to a seeming *Heaven*.
Shall proud Flesh-wantons, for a moments pleasure
Expose themselves to Shame, and loss of Treasure?

They'll spend their Strength, their Gold, and their
Among their sensual damn'd hellish Mates. (Estates
Shall cursed Pleasures thus be priz'd, and must
The Joys above be cheaper than a Lust?
Th' ambitious Gallant, for to hoyst his Name
Upon the Wings of Honour and of Fame
How will he venture on the point of Spears,
And face the mouths of Cannons! nought he fears:
With Courage stout how will he fight i' th' Flood,
When brinish Seas are mixt with humane Blood?
Shall wretched Man be at the Devil's Will,
And Dangers run, his Lust for to fulfil?
And shall not I, when God commands me forth
Ingage for him with all my Might on Earth?
Or shall the promis'd Crown of endless Life
Be judg'd a Trifle, and not worth a Strife?
That which vain Man accounts to be most rare,
Is not obtain'd but with much Cost and Care.
Things of great worth on Earth are got by Pains,
And he who ventures nothing, nothing gains.
And shall I then be startled with a Frown,
When full assur'd of an eternal Crown?
The Strife which doth an holy Life attend,
Will recompensed be I'm sure i' th' end.
I will go on, since Jesus doth invite me,
His Strength is mine, and nothing shall affright me.

Apostate.

I do perceive you are resolv'd to run
In your strict ways, until you're quite undone;
Yet hear a little what I have to speak,
And you will find 'tis best for you to take
The Council which I give: for you'll espy
Great Ruine fall upon you suddenly,
Your Father will not own you for his Son,
If in this foolish Strictness you'll go on;

His face expect hereafter not to see,
If this your Purpose and your Pleasure be.

Professor.

If Father, Mother, and dear Brethren too
Forsake me quite, yet still I well do know
My precious Saviour will my Soul embrace,
And I shall see sweet Smiles from his dear Face.
My self and my Relations all, tho dear,
I do deny, such is the Love I bear
To my dear Lord, whose Servant now am I,
And do resolve to be until I die.
Come Life, come death, for *Canaan* I'll endeavour,
It is my Home, and resting place for ever.
Better it is that Earthly Friends abuse me,
Than that Christ Jesus should at last refuse me.
I'd rather bear my Father's Wrath and Ire,
Than to be cast into eternal Fire.

Apostate.

Fie, fie, young Man, forbear, and take Advice,
Let not hot Zeal thy Fancy thus intice,
For to refuse these pleasant things which you
May here enjoy as many others do:
'Tis much too soon for thee to mind such things,
For nought but Grief and Dotage from it springs;
'Twill dull thy Wit, and make thee like a Droan,
And thou'lt be slighted too by ev'ry one.
How might'st thou live at ease, and Pleasure have,
If once these ways thou would'st resolve to leave;
And like a Flower flourish in the Spring,
And with young Gallants might'st rejoice and sing,
And spend thy days in Pleasure sweet and rare:
I prithee, Youth, consider, O take care
To chear thy Heart; behold now in thy sight,
What Earthly Joys most sweetly do invite.

Professor.

Young, it is true I am, and in my Prime,
Therefore resolve for to improve my time:
The Flower of my days do'st think, I will
Give to the Devil, Lust for to fulfil?
Shall Satan have the primest of my days,
And put off Christ with base and vile Delays
Until old Age, and then at last present
The Dregs of time to him? I'll not consent
To such vile thoughts, I will not lend an Ear,
I to my Saviour more Affection bear.
Since first o' th' living Spring my Soul did drink,
All sinful Pleasures in my Nose do stink,
More precious Joy I find in my dear Lord,
Than all this World doth, yea, or can afford.
If I am slighted for Christ Jesus sake,
And judg'd a Fool or Drone, yet I can take,
All for him, who for me hath undergone
More Shame than this before his Work was done.
This is my choosing time, I have made choice,
God's Word I will obey, and hear his Voice,
God's Counsel 'tis, that first of all in Youth
I should him seek, and cleave unto the Truth.
Your Counsel I abhor, shall lustful Fire
Be kindled in my Breast? shall my Desire
Run out again to *Egypt*'s cursed Stuff,
I know 'tis naught, of it I have enough.

Apostate.

Alas! the Journey's long, you'll wearied be,
And faint before that Kingdom you do see.

Professor.

Nay, Sir, be silent, that is false, for I
By Faith most clearly do the Land espy.
But is the Journey long? blame me no more,
Betimes i' th' Morning I set out therefore.

Why

Why didst thou say it was too soon for me
For to set out? if long the Journey be,
I do resolve in Youth with speed to strive,
Lest I too late at last should there arrive.
While Strength and Youth do last, I'll bend my Mind
To travel hard, because I clearly find
Old Age and weary Limbs, quite out of Case
To go a Journey, or to run a Race.
Alas! when Night is ready to come in,
That's not a time this Journey to begin:
When Sun and Moon and Stars all darkned be,
And Clouds return, that we no Light can see,
When Rain and Tempests do most fore appear,
And th' Keepers of the House all trembling are:
When the strong Men themselves are forc'd to bow,
And Grinders cease also, because that now,
They are but few, and ready to fall out,
And those through Windows which do look about
Are become dim, nay darkned without Light,
And Doors too in the Street are shut up quite.
When the low sound o' th' Grinder's scarcely heard,
He riseth up too at the Voice o' th' Bird:
And all the Daughters of sweet Musick rare,
Are brought too low, don't for such Musick care;
And Fears increase on thoughts of what's on high,
Fears in the way, and fears for what is nigh:
When flourish shall the Almond Tree also,
And th' Grashopper shall be a Burden too.
When loosed is the precious Silver Cord,
And Golden Bowl is broken, as we've heard:
When the weak Pitcher at the Fountain's broke,
And th' Wheel at th' Cistern with a heavy stroke:
When Desire fails, and there, alas! is none,
What will such do who han't this Race begun?
Besides 'tis clear my days uncertain be,

Old Age alas! I may not live to see:
Young Men are quickly gone, for I behold,
Daily as young as I are turn'd to th' Mould.
My own Experience doth discover this,
My Life a Bubble, and a Vapour is.
The Flower which doth spread, and is so gay,
Soon may it fade and wither quite away.
If I therefore have still much Work to do,
Or as you say, so long a Way to go;
It doth concern me then, with all my Power,
For to improve each day, yea ev'ry hour:
For days to come I see may not be mine,
My time I'll spend, not as thou spendest thine;
My Weights I'll cast away this Race to run,
Stand still I must not, nor with thee return:
I must provide me Oyl, get Grace in store,
For ere a while I shall be seen no more
This side the Grave; I haste therefore to meet
The glorious Judge at the great Judgment-seat.
I must make haste, be swift like to the Sun,
Lest that my Work's to do when time is done.

Apostate.

To you, young Man, I have declared much
Of the sad Danger, but your Zeal is such,
Naught that I say with you takes any place.
You don't believe me, that's the very Case.
But what's the reason, Youth, so many Folk
Decline those Paths in which you now do walk?
Were th' ways of your strict Holiness so sweet,
They in this sort would never back retreat;
I did resolve with others for to try,
And find you all deceived utterly.
Your whole Religion's naught but meer Conceit,
Let none therefore thy Soul with Fancies cheat.

Since

Since wise Men daily do your ways forsake,
Be thou advis'd and other Counsel take.

Professor.

If thousands fall away, it is no more
Than what the Scripture shews was heretofore.
Thousands of old from *Egypt* did adventure,
And yet but two of them did *Canaan* enter:
They never had of Christ a saving Taste,
Who quite away their seeming Hopes do cast.
Their Hearts alas! are rotten and unsound,
Who in Christ Jesus never Sweetness found;
But what of this? shall I my Lord deny,
Because that you some Hypocrites espy?
Those who do murmure in the Wilderness,
The Land of Promise never shall possess.
But if they will the precious Lord revoke,
Shall I from thence resolve to slip the Yoke?
Because they don't the glorious Lord believe,
Shall *Caleb* think the Land he can't receive?
Because so many walk i'th' way to Hell,
Shall I conclude that Heaven don't excel
The vain Enjoyments of an evil World?
Or shall with Fancies thus my Soul be hurl'd
To think, because that Swine the Grains do chuse,
And Pearls do tread upon, and them refuse,
There is more worth in those base stinking Grains,
Than in those true *Pearls* which the *Merchant* gains?
Because these silly Men have lost their Way,
Shall I on purpose therefore go astray?
Because that *Judas* did for thirty Pence
Sell his dear Lord, shall I conclude from thence
Peter a Fool, who priz'd his Saviour so,
That for his sake all things he'd undergo?
If fearful Souldiers basely quit the Field,
Shall valiant Champions therefore straitway yield

Most cowardly unto their treacherous Foe,
Whom they assured were to overthrow?
If Mariners unskill'd in Navigation
Are split on Rocks, shall all then in the Nation,
That have that curious Art, resolve therefore
Never to use the Art of Sailing more?
Because the Sluggard sees the Winds do blow,
The Rain descending with cold Hail and Snow,
He doth give o're, and says, no longer will
Remain i'th' Field his barren Land to Till?
Shall faithful Husband-men from the like Ground,
Who have oft-times by good Experience found,
Without they Sow, no Harvest they can have,
Resolve the painful Labours quite to leave?
He that won't Plow, because o'th' Snow and Rain,
Shall beg at Harvest, and shall nought obtain:
So in like sort, to mind my present Case,
'Cause Persons void of God's true saving Grace
Do 'Postatize as you your self have done,
Must I to th' Devil with you headlong run?
'Cause some Professors secretly do love
Some base Corruptions, doth this therefore prove,
There's none sincere for God in all the Earth,
Whose Souls experience do the second Birth?
I for my part through Grace have this to say,
I never shall, nor can I fall away:
All those whom God has unto Jesus given,
They never can be dispossest of Heaven:
The Promise of eternal Life is theirs,
And they like *Isaac* even so are Heirs,
Who could not miss nor dispossessed be,
Unless God's Word's made a meer Nullity;
God's Covenant also with Christ doth stand,
Who can supply our Wants on ev'ry Hand:
We shall not reign, such is our happy Case,

We

We are not under th' Law, but under Grace.
This Covenant is not like to the Old,
We of a surer Person now have hold.
We stand not now as *Adam* did, 'tis plain,
God never will trust that old Man again.
Our Credit's nothing worth, but our Surety
Is in our Room, our Wants he must supply.
Besides all this, I'll hint another thing,
Which to my Soul doth much Refreshment bring:
He that's the Author of my Faith, I spy,
Will finish it himself assuredly.
He that in me has a good Work begun,
Will perfect it also ere he has done.
Within God's Saints eternal Life doth dwell,
This would remove the Doubt, consider'd well:
Those unto whom eternal Life is given,
How can it be that such should miss of Heaven?
And now to 'breviate 'tis my Intent,
Sir, if you please to frame one Argument,
If the new Creature in the Souls of Men
Is of God's Spirit born, I argue then,
The same in Nature it be sure, must be,
Which cannot Death, or like Mutation see;
But that 'tis of God's Spirit born, is clear,
As *John* the third doth make most plain appear.
The Seed also doth in their Souls remain,
They cannot sin to Death who're born again:
God's Fear moreover is so in their Heart,
That they from him shall never more depart.
Thus is my Standing very firm and sure,
And to the end I know I shall endure:
And as for those who fall away and die,
I shall discover clearly by and by,
What kind of Men and Women they are all,
Which will hold forth the Cause too of their Fall.

Apostate.

Most confident I do perceive you are,
Daunted at nothing, yet pray let me hear
Those Persons Names which you did lastly meet,
Who finally resolve for to retreat,
And leave those Paths which you seem to commend.
Come, speak to this, and we will make an end.

Professor.

Sir, unto me it doth most plain appear
As if they Cowards and faint hearted were;
Under their Tongues also close, secretly,
Some pleasant Morsels I am sure, do lie:
And in them all doth reign some cursed Evil,
Which makes them to conform unto the Devil.

Apostate.

As you suppose, but pray, Youth, have a Care,
For they sincere and sober People are.
And I no question, whether yea, or nay
Thou dost them know, what further hast to say?

Professor.

I told you, Sir, I knew them very well,
And since you urge me, I resolve to tell
What kind of Folk they are, and also shall
Their Names discover unto great and small;
Master *Fearful* was one that I did see,
With him was goodly *Sensuality*.
With Dame *Mistelief*, and Goodman *Outside*,
Who turn'd from Christ as soon as they were try'd:
One *Unbelief* a very wicked Man,
Turn him out of his Way, there's no Man can:
Besides them also there's one *Earthly heart*,
Who loves nothing so well as Plow and Cart:
Also there's *Esau Faint-heart*, most profane,
That sells his Birthright, Pottage to obtain;

With

With *Belly-god*, a Man whom I do find
Flesh-pots and Oynions he doth chiefly mind.
There's Mistress *Discontent* too with the rest,
Who would have nought but what she liketh best:
Master *Hot love soon cold* also was there,
Lately for Zeal with him few could compare:
There's *Ishmael Legal-heart*, in truth also,
When Troubles rise, he strait away doth go
With Master *Balaam*, who doth Jesus leave
The Wages of Unrighteousness to have:
Some People also I have lately met,
Who were with Sin most easily beset:
And divers heavy Weights also they bore,
Which wearied them, and made them to give o'r.
A Gentleman I also did behold,
Whose Trade was great, and Store he had of Gold.
He's going back with Sorrow I do know,
Because he can't have Christ and the World too.
One Master *Atheist* that I think's his Name
As like your self as if he were the same;
He's fallen back so far, and turn'd aside,
That at Religion he doth much deride:
He thinks Religion's but a foolish thing,
Which doth no Comfort nor no Profit bring:
This is too true, you also are the Man,
To clear your self deny it if you can;
No Marvel 'tis you play the Devil's Part,
In labouring thus for to deceive my Heart,
And blind mine Eyes, if that thou knewest how:
Thou'd'st make me like thy self, and therefore now
I am resolv'd with thee for to engage,
Who striv'st to stop me in my Pilgrimage:
A Foe more vile than you, what Soul can meet?
I'll therefore bring you down unto my Feet.
Some Stones I think to fetch out of God's Book,

Tho like *Goliah* you do seem to look,
Yet in his Name, whom you so much defie,
I shall prevail against you by and by.
I thought I must confess some years ago,
I should not in the least been stopt by you;
Or that I should have met with Opposition
With such a Foe to add to my Affliction.
But since this is my sad unhappy Fate,
I'll add a Line or two to vindicate
The dreadful God, so far as lies in me
I'll vindicate that glorious Deity;
Who in my Soul his Image so has set,
That I his glorious Being can't forget.
Shall he which form'd both Heaven and the Earth,
From whom I have my precious Life and Birth,
Be trod upon, nay utterly deny'd?
What Soul can such a sinful Wretch abide?
Who strives at once, if that you could it do,
The Life of all Religion to o'erthrow.
Hast thou got ought to speak, and wilt thou enter
On the Debate? yea, durst thou to adventure
To op'n thy Mouth i' th' least for to defend
Those thoughts of thine which clearly do ascend
From Hell beneath? thou'lt prove thy self thereby
The Devil's Friend, *Jehovah*'s Enemy.

Apostate.

Thou childish Lad, do'st think I am afraid
For to declare my self, or am dismay'd
By silly Dreams and Fancies, which affright
Those simple ones who dare not walk i' th' Night:
Who startle at the Shadow which they see,
And think the Devil's near when 'tis a Tree?
And since I do perceive you understand
What my Opinion is, I do demand
How you can prove, and fully make appear

There

There is a God, for none at all I fear.
No God nor Devil I at all believe,
Nor is there any Heaven to receive
The Souls of holy Men when they do die:
Nor is there any Hell of Misery
For Sinners after Death, as you conceit;
All is nought else save a Religious Cheat.

Professor.

Dare you your Maker thus with Impudence
Deny, and tread upon? such Insolence
What Soul can bear! what Age can shew the like,
Where so much Light hath been! shall Mortals strike
At the great God and Glorious Deity?
Whose dreadful Being and Existency
The Heathens did find out, and greatly fear;
His Godhead did to them most plain appear
By the Creation, Man, as in a Glass
May there behold who his Creator was!
'Tis time to arm my self, and look about,
When by an Atheist I am challeng'd out:
When th' whole of all Religion lies at Stake
'Tis time to rouse, and also for to shake
Off Sloth and Idleness, and to ingage
With such a Foe in this my Pilgrimage.
If once I should unto an Atheist yield,
And treach'rously also acquit the Field;
The strongest Hold of Truth betray should I
Into the Hands of its worst Enemy:
And should unman my self of Christian too,
And my dear Soul of Reason overthrow.
I should debase my self, should I deny
My noble Birth from the great Deity.
Man's chiefest Glory springs from's supream Head,
In his Descent from him who made and bred.

And

And brought him forth, and doth his Life maintain,
From hence Man doth his greatest Honour gain.
'Tis Power Divine that Man doth greaten thus,
As to make him King of the Universe.
Who e're disowns his blessed Pedegree,
Doth prove himself unnat'ral for to be.
For Man to say he came by Hap or Chance,
As 'tis a piece of wilful Ignorance,
Himself also he doth depose thereby,
From his own Honour and rare Dignity;
And vile Contempt upon himself doth bring,
As well as Dirt upon that Essence fling,
Who form'd his Soul, and gave to him his Breath,
And made him Ruler here upon the Earth.
But to proceed, and lend my Helping Hand;
In the Defence of sacred Truth to stand,
And vindicate my great Creato 's Cause,
By Nature's Light, and also by those Laws,
Which supernat'ral are, and most Divine,
Whose Light excels, yea, and whose Glories shine.
You ask me how I can make it appear,
There is a God; attend, and now give Ear,
And weigh my Arguments and Reasons sound,
And let not Satan more your Soul confound,
And Reason quite destroy, as he hath done,
Lest to the Devil you do headlong run.

Apostate.

Before you do proceed, this you must know,
If you a God do think to prove or show,
Be sure of this, young Man, it must not be
By Scripture-proof, for its Authority
I do deny, and cannot it believe,
You never shall that way my Heart deceive:
The Knowledge which you supernat'ral call,
Is a meer Cheat, I mind it not at all.

Pri-

Professor.

Tho supernat'ral Knowledge you despise,
And count God's holy Word to be but Lies;
I briefly shall stand up in its Defence,
And shew your Pride and cursed Insolence.
That all may love God's Word, prize it, and see
Its Worth and Weight, and its Authority
To be Divine, and by *Jehovah* given
To lead poor Souls in the right Way to Heaven;
One thing of you i'th' first place I demand,
Pray let me know, and fully understand
When this supposed Cheat did first commence,
And in what part o'th' World, bring Evidence.
Egypt stands mute, saith, it commenc'd not here,
Nor did the *Jews* invent it, that's as clear.
Ask all the Heathens too, in ev'ry Age,
If their Philosophers brought't on the Stage,
If you can find it out, pray bring't to Light,
Or else confess your Darkness worse than Night.
'Tis strange that such an universal Cheat
Should thus be put upon the World, and yet
No one can shew who did the same devise,
Nor how, nor when the same at first did rise;
Since all the World stands silent, and is mute,
This might a Period put to the Dispute.
But secondly, I argue once again,
There's none of them who do so much disdain
The holy Scriptures, who just Proof could bring
To shew i'th' least they were a forged thing:
If none can them disprove, O then say I,
What ground have you the Scriptures to deny?
The Scriptures also, I observe, have been
Strangely preserved by a Pow'r unseen:
In ev'ry Age, kept both in Word and Sense
From secret Fraud, and open Violence,

Against

Against the num'rous Armies of all those
That were both secret, yea, and open Foes.
No wicked or malicious Men could ever
Subvert the Scripture, tho they did endeavour.
The beastly Clergy of the Church of *Rome*,
Thorow whose Hands, to us the Scriptures come:
Tho guilty of most vile Abomination
As ever was committed in a Nation,
Their cursed Sins are hateful to relate,
Which they committed, and did tolerate:
And that they might more freely do the same,
And so be kept from sad Reproach and Shame.
They say the Pope himself may change the Laws
Of th' holy Gospel, as himself sees Cause;
And make the Sense of Scriptures to agree
With Time and Place as he most fit doth see.
How free those sacrilegious Monsters were,
(Had God admitted) to extinguish clear
The Sacred Scripture, and put out their Light,
And fill the World with an eternal Night.
But we may see, altho it made its way
Thorow those muddy Channels, yet have they
Been still kept pure, and still remain a Law
To keep most Men save bloody Popes in awe.
Now if against so many Enemies,
Who us'd all Means that Devils could devise
T' obliterate that Soul-informing Word,
It was preserv'd, but not by humane Sword.
How dare you, Sir, presume for to deny
Its blessed and Divine Authority?
Another Ground or Reason I shall urge,
Which proves God's Word Divine, as I do judge,
'Tis taken from that Influence they have
Upon their Hearts whom God intends to save;
It turns them from those cursed ways of Sin,

Which

Which once they loved and delighted in.
It brings them out of Darkness into Light,
Yea, and discovers Jesus to their Sight,
Filling their Souls with inward Life and Peace,
And precious Joy, the which shall never cease.
The glorious Power which God did afford
Always to those who stood up for his Word,
Most clearly shews, Methinks to ev'ry Eye
The Scriptures true, and their Authority
To be Divine, whatever you may say,
I cannot give this Argument away.
How have they been supported in the Flames?
Which as it did perpetuate their Names,
So God thereby did stir up ten for one,
To stand up for his Word when they were gone.
Ah! how did they rejoice, Sir, in the Fire
Which made their very Enemies admire.
Wouldst thou one Instance have, I could give two,
And ten times twenty more if that would do.
But if I should, I'm sure I should transgress,
And overcharge th' Appendix and the Press.
And therefore I will add one Reason more
To prove God's Word Divine, and so give o're.
How has the Scripture made the Atheist quake,
And all his Limbs with dreadful Horror shake!
When on a Death-bed they have come to lie,
Their Conscience waking, in their Face did fly;
Tho in their Health they did it much despise,
And did affirm it was made up with Lies:
Yet has it made them howl at last, and cry,
We are undone to all Eternity.
'Twas like unto the Writing on the Wall,
Which did foretel profane *Belshazzar*'s Fall;
Which was so terrible, yea, and so strange,
It wrought amongst them a most sudden Change.

Their

Their Mirth and Jollity doth now expire,
And the proud King doth earnestly desire
To hear it read, nought then would serve his turn,
But an Interpreter: his Heart did burn,
His trembling Knees smote one against another,
As if his Joynts were loosed from each other.
Thus those that won't confess *Jehovah*'s Name,
Are forc'd to own him to their utter Shame.
And those who will not of God's Word allow,
Are forc'd by Conscience under it to bow.
These being weigh'd, may make you quite give o're,
Yea, and God's Word thus to oppose no more:
Now if the Scripture cannot be gain-said,
Methinks each Soul should be exceeding fraid,
How they contemn that glorious Deity,
Whom they so clearly shew and magnify.
But to leave this a little, and descend
To Man's own Reason which you so commend.
How many Heathens did alone thereby
Find out, dear Sir, God's glorious Majesty.
If you your Reason did but exercise,
From Atheism doubtless you soon might arise,
And hate also this Soul-destroying Evil,
Thus siding with, and yielding to the Devil.

Apostate.

Amongst the Heathens, Youth, were Men of fame,
Who for their Skill in Nature had the Name
Above all others, which did quite deny
There was a God, or such a Deity.

Professor.

Your *Epicurus*, and old *Aristotle*,
With *Theodorus*, *Bion*, and the Rabble,
And such like Atheists, I must grant to you
Deny'd there was a God, as Stories shew;
Philosophy is good, but Men abuse it,

When

When they, like those old Heathen Authors, use it,
God doth sometimes Mens Reason darken quite,
For not improving of the Means of Light.
To vile Affections up God doth them give.
Because on Earth like Brutes they seem to live.
But tho these Natural Sots could not espy
By all their Skill th' Eternal Deity;
Yet many thousand Heathens, I might show
By Nature's Light alone did come to know
There was a God, they searched so about
Into God's Works, they found his Godhead out.
For when they gave themselves up seriously
To study Nature's Book, and come to pry
Into the Cause of all things here on Earth,
And their Effects, did clearly see the Birth
Or first Original of ev'ry thing,
From such an Essence to descend or spring.
The very Novices in Nature's School,
May soon convince that Man to be a Fool,
Who by the Creature's Glory can't discern
The Being of that dreadful Sovereign,
Who did them form and make, for ev'ry where
His glorious God-head they to all declare;
Had I but time, I could some Pages fill,
And shew to you how that Man's Reason will
Teach him there is a God, for if he mind
The Nature of his Soul, this he might find,
Man's Soul is like a Spring, or like to Fire,
It resteth not aloft, it does aspire,
And unto *Noah's* Dove, I'll it compare,
God is the Ark, Souls Rest alone is there.
The Flesh dams up the Spring, quenches Desire,
Keeps out o' th' Ark to which it would retire.
Since I perceive Man's Soul doth search about
To find some higher Good and Being out;

doth excel all things that are below,
doth to us God's glorious Being show.
to conclude this, no Man can disown,
God by his Judgments daily is made known.
What sad Examples daily do we hear
Of Wrath and Vengeance almost ev'ry where?
Some Drunkards and Blasphemers struck down dead
and others with strange Judgments tortured?
Some have presum'd the Holy God to dare,
whom he would not one little minute spare.
this will not convince you of your Error,
fear you will ere long fall under Terror;
for if you will not now Example take,
God may of you a sad Example make.
Your State, alas! above all Men is sad,
because of God you once such Knowledge had,
And of his Ways, which now you loath and hate;
Sir, consider this your woful State;
and cry to God, if peradventure he
may give you Grace, whereby your Soul may see
your heinous Sin, that so you may Repent,
and turn to God before your days are spent.

Apostate.

I must confess, I know not what to say:
if there's a God, then cursed be the day
that ever I was born, for I do know
he never unto me will Mercy show:
now resolve to open my Condition,
so all's in vain; for there is no Contrition,
will do me good, I utterly am lost:
for I have sinn'd against the Holy Ghost:
I have sinn'd, and there remains
ing for me but everlasting Pains.
there were no God! for then should I
the least when e're I come to die.

For

For Love o'th' World, and for my present Ease
I am become like to the troubled Seas.
No Rest, nor Comfort ever shall I find,
Curs'd be the day that ever I declin'd
From these good ways in which, dear Youth, you go,
Or ever I did God or Jesus know:
For if I had not known them, it is clear
My Sin would not so hainous now appear:
My Conscience doth prick me to the Heart,
I never shall be eased of this smart.
O that I were in Hell! for then should I
Soon see the worst of my Extremity.
Thou shalt, dear Youth, for ever happy be,
For thou art chosen from Eternity,
To be an Heir of the Eternal Bliss,
But I alas! am damn'd! what Woe like this?
The Devil with his glist'ring golden Ball
Hath me deceiv'd, and now I see my Fall
To be so bad, no Tongue can it express;
My woful Pain is quite remediless.
The Checks of Conscience I did greatly slight,
And loved Darkness, greatly hated Light:
Yea, and of good I never lov'd to hear,
Tho I of him had hints oft-times most clear,
And now will he my Soul in pieces tear,
And make me his eternal Vengeance bear.
Let all Backsliders of me Warning take,
Before they fall into the Stygian Lake;
Yea, and return, and make with God their Peace,
Before the days of Grace and Mercy cease:
For mine are past for ever, O! condole
My sad Estate, and miserable Soul.
My days will quickly end, and I must lie
Broyling in Flames to all Eternity.

FINIS.

Cornell University Library